

COMMENT OF  
THE DAY

**Moderation Wins**

TWO highly important things have happened this week at the annual convention of the British Trades Union Congress. One was the decision to seek moderate wage claims; the other, the complete rout of Communist candidates at the election to the General Council which controls and administers the TUC.

Although at first sight these two actions do not appear to be closely associated, in point of fact one was very dependent on the other. Had the resolution for restrained wage claims failed to receive endorsement, the election of one or more Communist trade union leaders to the Council would have become inevitable. And such extremists holding key positions in the TUC would have jeopardised the splendid moderating influence of the Congress on trade unionism in Britain.

THE continued eclipse of the Communists as principal office-holders in the TUC does not, however, mean that they will remain in obscurity insofar as their own unions are concerned. They are not likely to abdicate their self-asserted rights to be trouble-makers merely because they have been rejected by the TUC. They can be expected to continue promoting wild-cat strikes, the aims of which are to create industrial chaos.

But the majority of the trade unionists of Britain have declared themselves against these extremists, and therefore against their policies which, among other things, include excessive and embarrassing wage demands, unrealistic working conditions, and eventually elimination of the basic principles of British trade unionism.

THE British nation as a whole has reason to feel reassured by the decisions reached this week by the TUC. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is going to be helped, not hindered in his efforts to restore the nation's financial position. And the impact of the Southport deliberations and judgments on Britain's friends overseas will most certainly be favourable. The TUC conference of 1955 has once again proved the level-headedness of Britain's trade unionists. It also re-establishes the claim that Britain leads the world in the practical application of principles on which democratic trade unionism is based.

# Release Of Americans: Final Agreement Expected Today

## Needing Operations Against Reds

Tokyo, Sept. 9. Communist China said today that US-built warplanes operated by Nationalist China flew 755 sorties over Red Chinese coastal areas during August.

Five Nationalist planes were damaged by Red anti-aircraft guns, the Communists claimed in a dispatch broadcast by Radio Peking.

The report was a Communist summary of Nationalist operations during August in the Formosa Strait little war. It also claimed:

1. Nationalist artillery units on Quemoy Island fired more than 370 shells at Red islands, mainland positions and cargo steamers.

2. Two "small bands" of armed Nationalist troops from Quemoy, one of the Nationalist offshore islands, "made a sneak landing" on Communist shores.

3. The Communists killed a Nationalist Company commander and a walkie-talkie operator during a raid on the mainland Fukien coast.

4. The Reds in repelling a mainland raid captured a squad leader and three soldiers as well as two light machine-guns, four carbines, a pistol, a signal gun and a walkie-talkie.

5. Five Nationalist soldiers from Quemoy "surrendered" to the Communists, bringing with them two heavy machine-guns, a motor-junk and more than 1,000 rounds of ammunition.—United Press.

## MOTHER RESCUES SON FROM RIVER

Twickenham, Sept. 9. Mrs. Joan Wilson, 24, dived into the Thames from her motor cruiser home at Twickenham, to rescue her son, Derrick, aged 2.

He had slipped through the hole in a wire netting surrounding part of the deck used as a play pen. Derrick and Mrs. Wilson were both pulled into a dinghy by another river dweller and were unhurt.—China Mail Special.

## 4 PRINCIPAL CONDITIONS OUTLINED

Washington, Sept. 9.

Officials here were highly optimistic today about the chances of agreement being reached between the United States and Communist Chinese ambassadors in Geneva tomorrow on the release of some 29 American civilians still being held in Communist China.

An important announcement on the repatriation question is expected to emerge from tomorrow's meeting between the Chinese Ambassador to Poland, Mr. Wang Ping-nan, and the United States Ambassador to Czechoslovakia, Mr. Alexis Johnson, who have been conferring for five weeks in Geneva.

Unless there is some last-minute changes in these extremely delicate negotiations, the agreement is expected to be announced along the following lines.

## ASSURANCES

1. Communist China would give assurances that all Americans who wished to do so would be permitted to leave China expeditiously subject to the completion of any Chinese Communist judicial procedures involved. This might provide for the deportation of American citizens now being held in gaol or under house arrest in China.

2. The United States would give assurances that all Chinese students in the United States who wished to return to Communist China are being permitted to do so.

3. The Indian Embassy in Washington would be available to any Chinese citizens in the United States who might feel that they were not receiving the proper treatment from authorities here in their efforts to return to China.

4. The British Embassy in Peking would correspondingly be available to any United States citizens in Communist China who felt that obstacles were being placed in the way of their return to the United States.

## THE SECOND ITEM

If agreement is finalised along these lines at tomorrow's meeting between the United States and Chinese Communist ambassadors it would clear the way for consideration of the second item on their agenda which is to consider "other practical matters at issue" between the two countries.

The Chinese Communists may raise under this head such subjects as security in the Formosa area and the representation of China in the United Nations.—Reuter.

## GOOD RESULTS FROM NOVEL OPERATION

Chicago, Sept. 9.

Only 14 of the first 108 children to undergo "blue baby" operations have died in the past eight years, a report in the Journal of the American Medical Association said today.

The operation provides a new and wider passage from the heart to the lungs, by-passing a constriction which prevents the blood from getting enough oxygen and gives a blue colour to the skin of afflicted children. The report was made by Dr. Willis J. Fotts, who devised the operation in 1945, and other physicians among children operated on at the Children's Memorial Hospital here.

It said that 68 of the living children were in good condition, 10 were fair, one was in poor condition and one was unimproved.

Of the 14 children who died, nine died in the hospital and five died at home after showing varying degrees of improvement. The 68 children in good condition "live more or less normal lives," said the report.—United Press.

## China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 5: Despair in the desert: Richard Pappe's harrowing experience in the Sahara; Alexander Broad writes about the new Chicago.

P. 6: Great cases of Scotland Yard's great detectives: Percy Hoskins' second article in our new series; David Burk reports on the 'teen-age terror' in Cyprus.

P. 7: A Did It Happen? story; P. 8: Hope for a cancer cure; by Chapman Phillips; Jill Craigie asks why men believe in dream girls like Marilyn Monroe and Gina Lollobrigida.

P. 13: George Gale, author of "No Files in China" writes on IRA activities in Dublin.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports review.

## Morocco Problem

## Exiled Sultan To Go To France

Antsirabe, Sept. 9.

The exiled Moroccan Sultan, Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef, has signed an agreement providing for his return to France and the creation of a throne council to rule Morocco, informed sources said tonight.

Ben Youssef's talks with the special envoys of the French government ended tonight with an exchange of letters between the two parties.

The text of the letters was not immediately made known, but it was believed that they provided for Ben Youssef's transfer from this spa, thousands of miles from his home, to France by October 15.

It was uncertain whether Ben Youssef agreed to renounce all claims to the throne, as French Conservatives and colonists have demanded.

The French envoys, General Georges Catroux and the Foreign Ministry Cabinet chief, Henri Yriou, are expected to return to Paris on Sunday to report to Premier Edgar Faure's inner Cabinet.

In Paris, informed sources said a special Cabinet meeting may be held on Sunday night to decide on the next steps to be taken to end the unrest in Morocco, which has cost thousands of lives since Ben Youssef was packed off into exile two years ago.—United Press.

## Lennox-Boyd's Tour

## Economist Analyses Results

London, Sept. 9.

Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, Secretary of State for the Colonies, can look back on the results of his Southeast tour with satisfaction, the Economist, independent British weekly, said today.

But, the journal continued: "Mr. Lennox-Boyd will be lucky if his intervention in the Cyprus discussions has as calming an effect as his intervention in Malaya."

In the Federation, the Colonial Secretary persuaded the new ministry that before their demand for an independent commission to re-examine the present constitution with a view to bringing about self-government quickly could be met, they must have some experience of office and face the facts concerning external defence, security and the future of the public service.

"He emphasised that Britain's position in the Federation rests on treaties with the rulers who must sanction fresh departures; and it now rests with the rulers to approve the plan to send a delegation to London next year to discuss constitutional changes."

## Breathing Space

In Singapore too a breathing space has been gained by the Colonial Secretary's promise to receive a similar delegation next year—this will give Mr. Marshall time to realise the danger which is growing from the rapid organisation of the People's Action Party and the unions controlled by it," the weekly said.

In Hongkong, on the other hand, the Colonial Secretary mixed the advice that what is best administered is best—and the Colony, whose industrial and housing progress he so admired, will be left in the hands of the governor and the officials.

"Ironically Hongkong, which is surrounded and infiltrated by Chinese Communism, is distinguished by industrial peace and constitutional stagnation, while its sister city Colony, Singapore, which is out of China's reach, faces rough going both in industry and politics," the Economist concluded.—Reuter.

## Electrocuted By Radio Set

Maldstone, Sept. 9.

Sapper Oliver Russell, 21, Royal Engineers, Invicta Lines, Maldstone, lost his life while working on his wireless set last night.

Another soldier in a barrack room heard gasps and a thud. Russell was lying on the floor having apparently been electrocuted. Russell's home was in Aldreie, Lancashire.—China Mail Special.

## MACMILLAN'S SECURITY PLAN BLUEPRINT

## Prepared For Big 4 Geneva Talks

London, Sept. 9.

British Foreign Secretary Harold Macmillan is taking to New York this month blueprints of a three-point European security plan as a basis for the Big Four Geneva October conference, diplomatic sources said today.

Mr. Macmillan will discuss the plan with US Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and French Foreign Minister Antoine Pinay when they meet in New York on Sept. 27, and with German Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano the following day.

The British plan is essentially a detailed elaboration of the suggestions already advanced by British Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden at the summit conference in July. The plan will be adjusted—

if necessary—to take into consideration any decisions which West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer may reach in Moscow with Soviet Premier Nikolai Bulganin, the informants add.

## CENTREPIECE

The centrepiece of the British plan is a proposed security pact between the Western Big Three, Russia and Germany, and some of the other European states including the Soviet satellites.

This is a modification of the original Eden plan for a five-power pact between the US, Britain, France, Russia and Germany, which the Soviets rejected at Geneva.

It is also a compromise between the original five-power pact idea and the Soviet proposal for an all-European security pact which would include all the European nations, with the US and Communist China as observers.

Premier Bulganin intimated to Prime Minister Eden in private talks in Geneva that he was interested in the idea of broadening the originally proposed five-power pact to include the other members of the Western European Union—Italy and the Benelux countries—as well as some of the European Communist countries.

The British concept, however, continues to be based on the idea of a unified Germany and the establishment of a demilitarised buffer zone between the two camps.—United Press.

## 8,000

## BROADCAST AMNESTY

Singapore, Sept. 9.

An estimated 8,000 men, women and children paraded today through 11 villages around Kluang in Johore province, broadcasting terms of the amnesty offer and shouting to terrorists in the nearby jungle to surrender.

The paraders carried banners and beat cymbals as they followed a gaily-trimmed truck broadcasting the amnesty terms.

Some of the trucks moved along the fringe of the jungle area regarded as one of the heaviest concentrations of Communist terrorists.

All shops, offices and cinemas were closed in support of the demonstration organised by the Alliance Party.—United Press.

## HOUSE-LIFTING

Stockholm, Sept. 9.

Somebody stole a house near here last night.

The police announced that a wooden summer house, situated on a little lake at Solna, north of here, was dismantled and carried off by thieves.—France-Press.

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**Quick Quench**

According to one definition, a pessimist is a man who says his glass is half empty and an optimist one who says his glass is half full. The true devotee of Rose's Lime Juice drains his glass in one swift, silent draught, thereby falling into the category of realist. This cooling nectar, squeezed from the world's most thirst-quenching citrus fruit, calls for no half measures and no hovering on the brink. You plunge. Your Rose's and your thirst are gone with equal suddenness.

**ROSE'S Lime Juice**

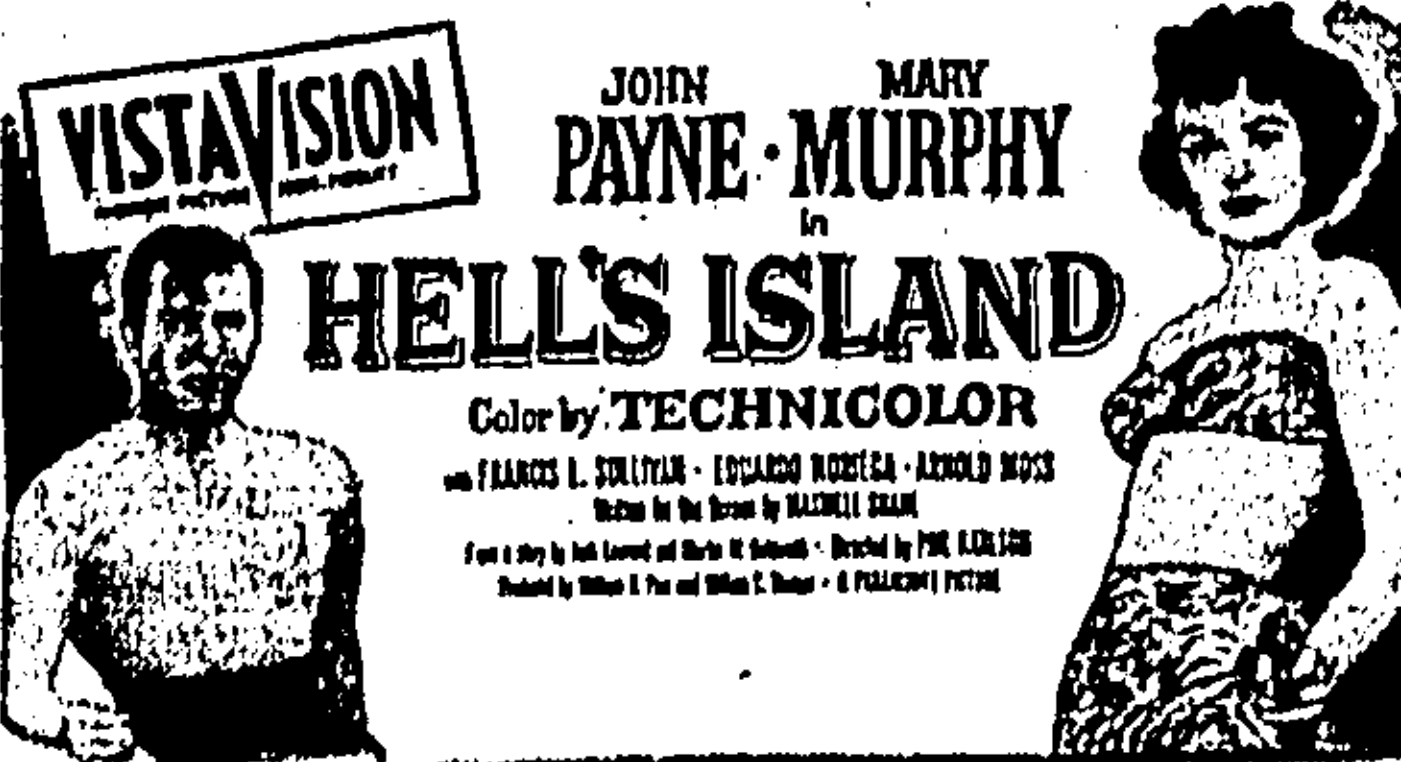
—MAKES THIRST WORK WHILE



## KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

## TO-DAY



Added: "AUSTRALIA TAKES THE DAVIS CUP".

Presented at KING'S with Perspecta Stereophonic Sound.

## EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S At 11.30 a.m. PRINCESS At 11.00 a.m.  
"PINOCCHIO" TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

At Reduced Prices

## PRINCESS

## TO-MORROW

A Super Indian Production  
"MANGALA"

starring Banumati, Rajan, Agha, David

Music by Parthasarthi & B. Kala  
Directed by S. S. Vasan

At Regular Prices

## HOOVER LIBERTY

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## NOW PLAYING

2.30, 5.15, 7.30  
and 9.40 p.m.



## LANA TURNER - EDMUND PURDOM

LOUIS CALHERN - AUDREY DALTON - JAMES MITCHELL - NEVILLE BRAND

JOHN HAMPDEN - TANA ELO - FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN - JOSEPH WISEMAN - SANDRA DESCHER

Directed by RICHARD THORPE Produced by CHARLES SCHWABE in ASSOCIATION WITH M-G-M

## 5 SHOWS TOMORROW

FIRST MATINEE AT 12.00 NOON

## ORIENTAL

SHOWING TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30  
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4-Track Directional Stereophonic Sound - Wide Screen!

## ERROL FLYNN



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW at 12.30 p.m.  
Errol Flynn in "ADVENTURES OF DON JUAN"

## NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



## SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

NEW YORK: Fox Technicolor Cartoons  
GREAT WORLD: Walt Disney Technicolor Cartoons

## FILMS

Current & Coming

BY JANE ROBERTS

## The New Films At A Glance

## SHOWING

EMPIRE, KING'S AND PRINCESS: "Hell's Island". Crooks, killers and a dangerous woman search for a stolen ruby on a Caribbean island. John Payne, Mary Murphy and Francis L. Sullivan.  
HOOVER AND LIBERTY: "The Prodigal". The story of the seven of them it took to produce "Ulysses" were ever able to agree on what to put in and what to leave out.  
NEW YORK AND GREAT WORLD: "Santa Fe Passage". A western. John Payne and Faith Domergue.  
QUEEN'S AND ALHAMBRA: "Vera Cruz". Two soldiers of fortune use the Mexican uprising against Maximilian for their own purposes. Burt Lancaster, Gary Cooper, Cesar Romero and Denise Darcel.  
ROXY AND BROADWAY: "Ulysses". "The Odyssey" adapted for the screen. Kirk Douglas and Silvana Mangano with Anthony Quinn and Rossana Podesta.

## COMING

EMPIRE: "Reap the Wild Wind". Adventure. Ray Milland, John Wayne, Paulette Goddard, Susan Hayward and Robert Preston.  
KING'S AND PRINCESS: "This Island Earth". Rockets, space ships and a green ray. Jeff Morrow and Faith Domergue.  
HOOVER AND LIBERTY: "Hit the Deck". A peppy musical with a talented cast. Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Tony Martin, Vic Damone, Ann Miller and Russ Tamblyn.  
NEW YORK AND GREAT WORLD: "The Night My Number Came Up". An aircraft crash is foretold in a dream. Michael Redgrave, Alexander Knox, Denholm Elliott and Sheila Sim.  
QUEEN'S AND ALHAMBRA: "Tall Man Riding". A western. Randolph Scott, Dorothy Malone and Peggie Castle.  
ROXY AND BROADWAY: "The Seven Year Itch". The moral is not to go on holiday leaving your husband to the mercy of the girl next door. Marilyn Monroe.

playing the role of temptress, and the central male character of both is a well meaning fellow who wanders far and wide, is tempted and falls, and is finally led back to the path of virtue by a virtuous woman. In ancient or modern history that's the basis of most of film's plots.

It was merely a matter of time before the film script writers got around to realising that Homer's "The Odyssey" could be pruned, sensationalised and streamlined into a Box Office draw, the surprise is that the seven of them it took to produce "Ulysses" were ever able to agree on what to put in and what to leave out.

The production is Italian, as are the majority of the cast, with the exception of Ulysses himself, played by Kirk Douglas.

The film unfolds in a series of flashbacks, beginning by showing Silvana Mangano as Penelope, repelling the advances of the various suitors who are trying to persuade her that with her husband Ulysses dead, it is imperative for her to choose one of them to be his successor and become King of Ithaca.

Beanfeast For  
Script Writers

Before the picture traces the full circle and shows Ulysses returning to claim his faithful wife and defeat their joint enemies at the court, the company has to go through a blow-off course while returning from the Trojan War, he is forced to spend several years in parts of the world unknown to the Greeks of that period and it was only natural that the people of his kingdom should think him dead.

Naturally, the seven writers responsible for the screenplay have concentrated on his dalliance with such lures as Nausicaa and Circe, but they have whitewashed him to a certain extent by letting Silvana Mangano play the part of both his wife Penelope and the siren Circe.

Although she plays both with the unsmiling air of doom that is characteristic of most of her screen performances, she is so lovely and her eyes so expressive it does not become irritating, as it would with many other actresses less poised and aloof.

I could have picked many more likely candidates for the part of Ulysses than the Kirk Douglas, but although he plays his part with the gusto of a range rider and delivers his more emotional lines with the concentration of a schoolboy at a prize-giving, there is some feeling for the wonderful story, behind all the swashbuckling treatment.

It starts off slowly, and not until Anthony Quinn—the only other American in the cast—strides on to the set does there appear to be any life in the picture. The whole court of Penelope moves with an air of unreality, and in fact, the whole picture, in spite of the very little dialogue has the quality of a fairy story, especially in the Cyclops sequence.

However, the audience seemed to like it very much. The ooh's and aah's, and hushes of intaken breath were from an unmistakably impressed gathering—must be something to do with one woman's ham being many people's caviar.

Bed-time For  
The Novice?

There is nothing ethereal about "The Prodigal". The fantasy faintly glimpsed behind "Ulysses" is not even allowed to creep into the rites of the worshippers of the heathen goddess Astarte.

Lana Turner plays the High Priestess of the goddess with the healthy directness of a Brooklyn babe walking down a New York street in search of a new man.

As for Edmund Purdom, his diction and his profile—not to mention his flashing teeth—seem to be his main assets, and Francis L. Sullivan makes an excellent couple of pantomime villains and there's a rather sweet little girl whom Lana Turner is supposed to be initiating into the rites of High Priestess—hard to watch the line, isn't it?

Which is meant, I suppose, to indicate that even among the hard-hearted, Basil worshippers who buried their priestesses alive if they caught them being too human, there was a little kindness.

Sullivan, a slimmed-down Lana Turner, in some very gorgeous costumes, is not to look at, and in the past, and both have been given modern "spotaneous" treatments. Each has a glamorous, somewhat artificial, and somewhat artificial, girl in the leading female part, he must be careful in such a



Edmund Purdom and Lana Turner in "The Prodigal".

Doesn't Like  
Redskins

After his supposed defection to the Indians John Payne finds his stock as a scout is extremely low and it's not until the leader of a Mexican wagon train decides to believe his story that bad luck rather than treachery caused the previous disaster, that he finds work.

Rod Cameron, though the leader of the entourage, is partnered in a somewhat suspect gun-running project, by Faith Domergue. After her original antagonism against Payne has abated, she explains that the guns are not for the Indians, but to help in the Mexican war—which apparently makes it all right.

What she neglects to tell him is that she is partly Indian herself—and Payne has already made it quite clear to Miss Domergue and the audience alike that he hates all Indians and especially half breeds.

To make matters even more complicated for our hero, Mr Cameron shows his teeth over the meaning glances beginning to become obvious between his prospective wife and the brawny scout.

However, if you're tempted to shout "Look behind you mister", hold it, because as you've probably guessed, it all comes out all right in the end.

Beauty In A  
Space Suit

We seem to be seeing a lot of Faith Domergue recently, but space suits and western outfits can hardly be what Howard Hughes had in mind for her when he listed her as the third of his great discoveries (the other two being Jean Harlow and Jane Russell).

In "This Island Earth" she is a nuclear station expert whisked off to an interstellar planet known as "Metaluca" together

with her co-worker, Rex Reason.

Jeff Morrow is the visitor from space who descends on these two great brains and carries them away to help in his experiments. Nobody profits much from these excursions round the universe, as far as I can see, but if this is your meat, then you'll be able to take your fill at the King's and Princess next week.

fellows with all the jungle instincts developed to a dangerous degree.

It appears that John Payne had known her before the start of the job that sends him to "Hell's Island", but had found her brand of allure too powerful for comfort. To console herself she has acquired a husband, but soon makes it clear that one, while from Payne will dispose of him as easily as he was acquired.

## At The Empire

The Empire will not be showing anything new for a fortnight, when they will be joining the King's and Princess with the star-studded "Reap the Wild Wind". However, as they are planning to bring back several Paramount pictures you may have missed, during these two weeks, it would be as well to watch their advertising.

A Dangerous  
Female

"Hell's Island" features John Payne once again, in technicolor this time, (it's Technicolor for the western) and gives him as his love interest a snappy little number in a tiger-striped bikini called Mary Murphy.

The stripes are significant as Mary is a most un-domesticated

## QUEEN'S &amp; ALHAMBRA

## THE 11TH DAY

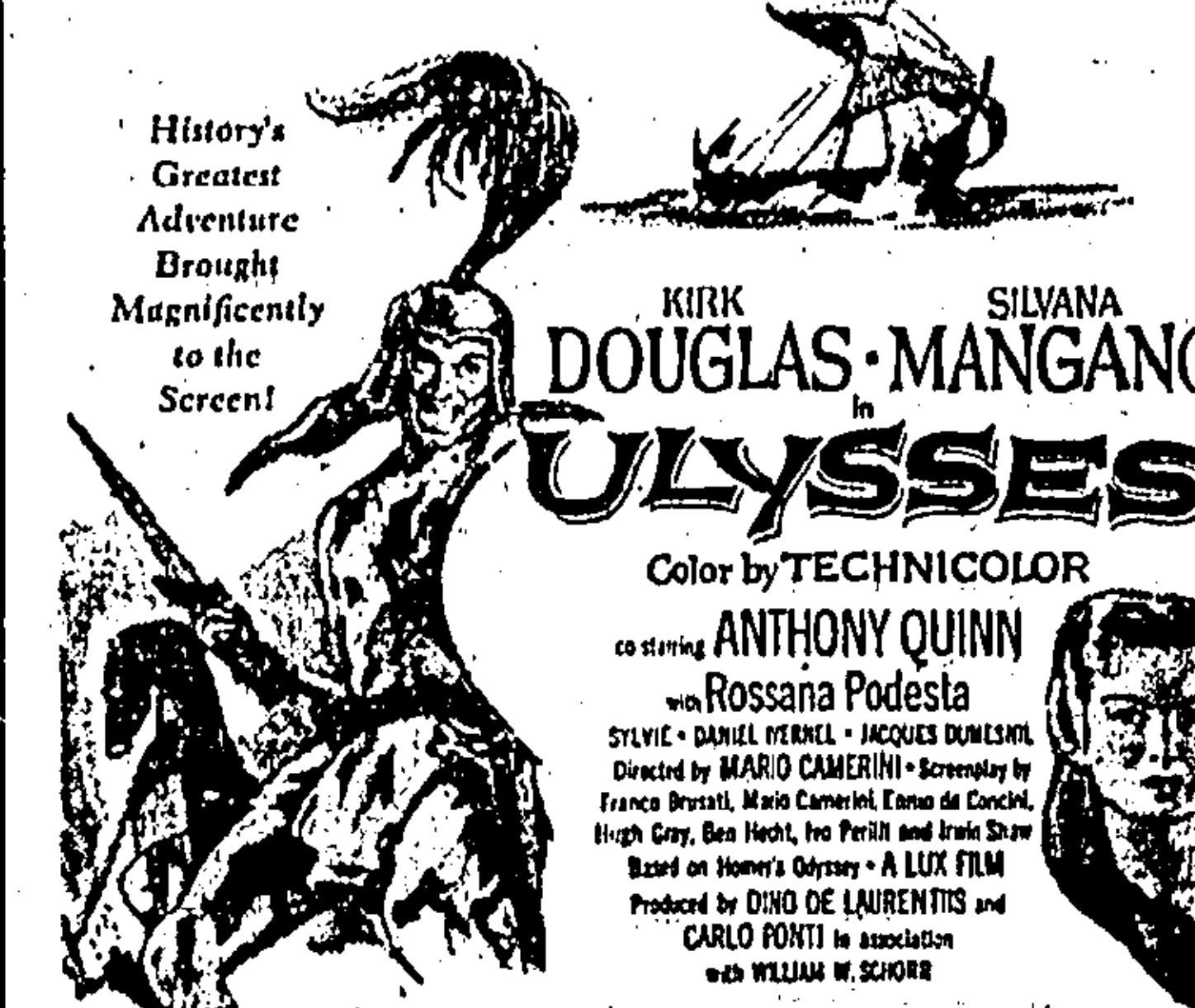


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QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA  
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"Vera Cruz" Universal's  
AT 11.30 A.M. COLOR CARTOONS  
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\$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

## ROXY &amp; BROADWAY

## SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



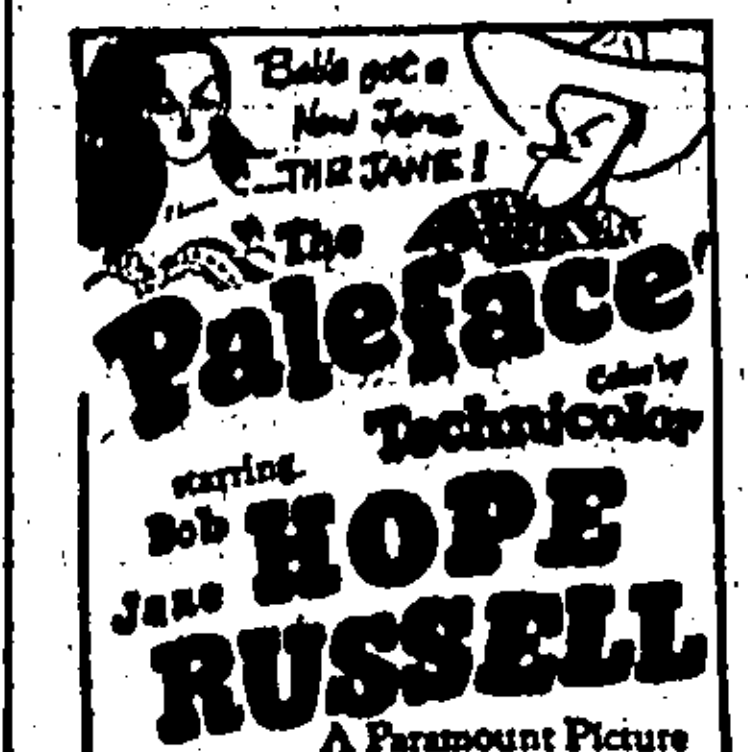
Released by 20th Century-Fox

## 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

Extra Performance of "ULYSSES" At 12.00 Noon.

## CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30  
& 9.30 P.M.



Sunday Morning Show  
at 12.30 p.m.  
Susan Hayward in  
"WITH A SONG IN  
MY HEART"  
in Technicolor

SHOWING TO-DAY  
2.30, 5.30, 7.30  
& 9.30 P.M.

THE GREAT WALL  
MOVIE ENTERPRISES  
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"THE  
INSPECTOR  
GENERAL"

A Chinese Picture  
in Mandarin  
Dialogue

To-morrow Special Show  
At 12.30 p.m.  
"THE YOUNG LOVERS"

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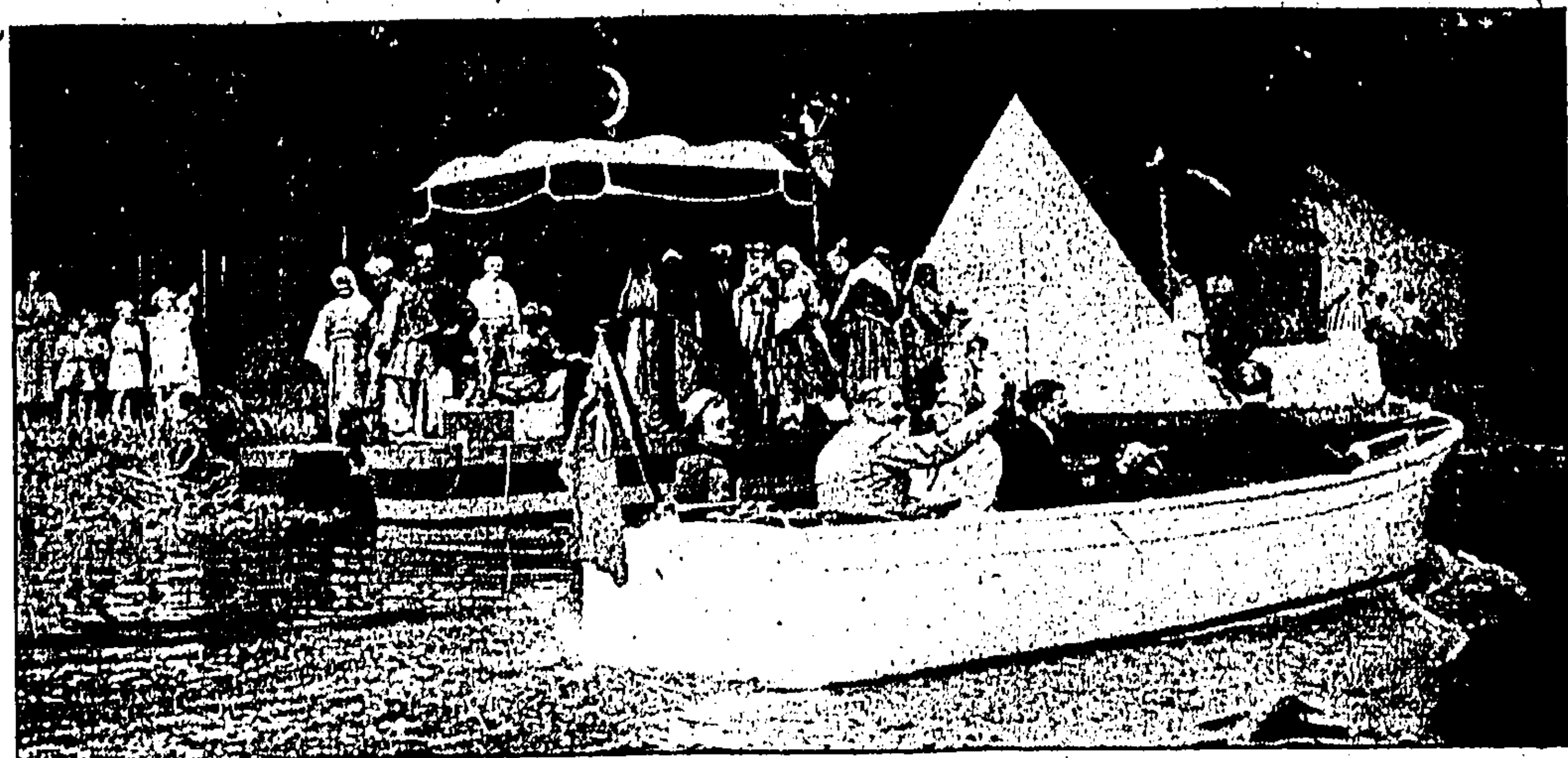
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# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



WHEN Sir Anthony Eden, the Prime Minister, and Lady Eden attended a garden party for members of his constituency association at Stoneleigh Abbey, Warwick, they also went for a boat trip on the Avon, passing down a long line of decorated floats. Here they pass one depicting an Eastern harem. (Express)



KENSINGTON antique dealers launched their fair in style last week with an Elizabethan feast. The Mayor of Kensington, Lady Petrie, leads the way by drinking her soup in true Elizabethan style, by lifting the bowl with both hands. (Express)



FROM £3 a week factory hand to West End singing star in two years. That is the rapid success of 18-year-old Shirley Bassey, the youngest of seven children of an African seaman. She has just made her West End debut as star in the Jack Hylton show, "Talk Of The Town." (Express)



POLICEWOMAN Mary Holman, 22, helping at the Knightsbridge-Sloane Street corner in Scotland Yard's new "Road Safety Through Courtesy" campaign. Through a public address system, she gave advice for two hours to motorists, cyclists and pedestrians. (Express)



BETWEEN the Jordan Ambassador in London, Dr. Yousef Halkal, and Mrs. Halkal, stands Glubb Pasha, British Commander of the Arab Legion, who is visiting London. He was guest of honour at a dinner given by the Ambassador. (Express)



LONDON has had a record influx of sightseers this summer, and all make their way at least once to the Horse Guards Parade to admire the imperturbable Household Cavalry on guard duties in Whitehall. This interested visitor is U.S. Master Sergeant John D. Juracke, of New Jersey, who has been 19 years in the Marine Corps. (Army News)



THE famous Queen's Counsel, Mr. Derek Curtis-Bennett, with his 25-year-old showgirl-singer wife, Janet Farquhar Rusk, whom he secretly married a fortnight ago. The previous marriage of the 51-year-old QC, noted for his defence of William Joyce, Klaus Fuchs and, lately, Sgt. Emmett Dunne, was dissolved in 1949. (Express)



WHEN the Italian press recently published a picture of a London policeman arresting two brothers, Brian and Robert Armour, for cooling themselves off in the Trafalgar Square fountains, an Italian reader found it so appealing she sent 3,000 lire to Scotland Yard to be split between the constable and the two brothers. The youngsters are shown above. (Express)



TELEVISION actress Lady Catherine Boyle, 28, smiles for photographers before entering Chelsea register office for her marriage to 35-year-old Lloyd's underwriter, Greville Baylis. They went to Italy for their honeymoon. (Express)



BELIEVED to be the youngest Judo exponent in Britain, nine-year-old Richard Lyle-Meller, of Hove, has just been awarded his yellow belt, second of a series of belts given to learners as they progress. He can throw boys much bigger than himself. (Express)



RIGHT: To London in a Messerschmitt three-wheeler last week went Adolf von Ribbentrop, 19-year-old son of Hitler's Foreign Minister and Ambassador to Britain. Young Ribbentrop is in England to learn the language. His father was hanged at Nuremberg as a war criminal nine years ago. (Express)

## NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



**BLACK  
MAGIC**  
ASSORTED  
CHOCOLATES



# Violence Again In Chicago

By Alexander Broad

Chicago. It is a long time since Al Capone, his boys and his enemies rode high, wide and handsome through the streets of Chicago, leaving a hail of machine-gun bullets and a trail of corpses behind him.

Since then the Windy City has become famous for other and more pleasant things: A man called Robert Maynard Hutchins came to Chicago and did things and said things that will probably rate a bigger place in history than ten Al Capones and their gangs.

Robert Maynard Hutchins was president of the University of Chicago—a university a little too big and maybe a little too bustling; but a university which has become a great university.

It was there that Hutchins restored the classical education to the American scene, there that the vast programme of research in the humanities and the social sciences was launched. They have produced many of the men who have been the softening and the civilising influence on American life and politics.

## Put To Rout

BUT it was there, above all, that Joseph Raymond McCarthy was put to rout. Hutchins, asked by an investigator, "Do you still teach Communism in your school?" replied "Yes, and I teach cancer in my medical school, too."

Hutchins has moved on to administer the Ford Foundation's multi-million dollar "Fund for the Republic," but Chicago has retained its reputation as a centre of learning.

History, however, seems to run in cycles.

There are no Al Capones in Chicago now, but violence has come back—a new and sneakier kind of violence launched by smaller but no less vicious men.

Al Capone and his mob used to shoot it out face to face, man to man. The new gangster creeps about quietly in the night, planting time bombs.

There have been 25 bombings in Chicago in the last 15 months. One of them blew up a children's amusement park. Partly, the business is rather like the kind Capone used to run.

It is a branch of the "protection" racket. Small merchants are visited by neatly dressed salesmen who ask them whether they would like to take out some insurance—insurance, say, against smashed shop windows, razor slashes and bombings.

Mostly the merchants pay up. Those who don't soon learn to need genuine protection. But the bombings are mainly affairs between one "insurance company" and another—small-time gang wars.

Now the Chicago Tribune has offered \$5,000 reward for help in cleaning up the gangs.

Curiously, though, the other side of Chicago's claim to fame has been in the news too.

Curiously, though, the other side of Chicago's claim to fame has been in the news too.

## Loyalty Boards

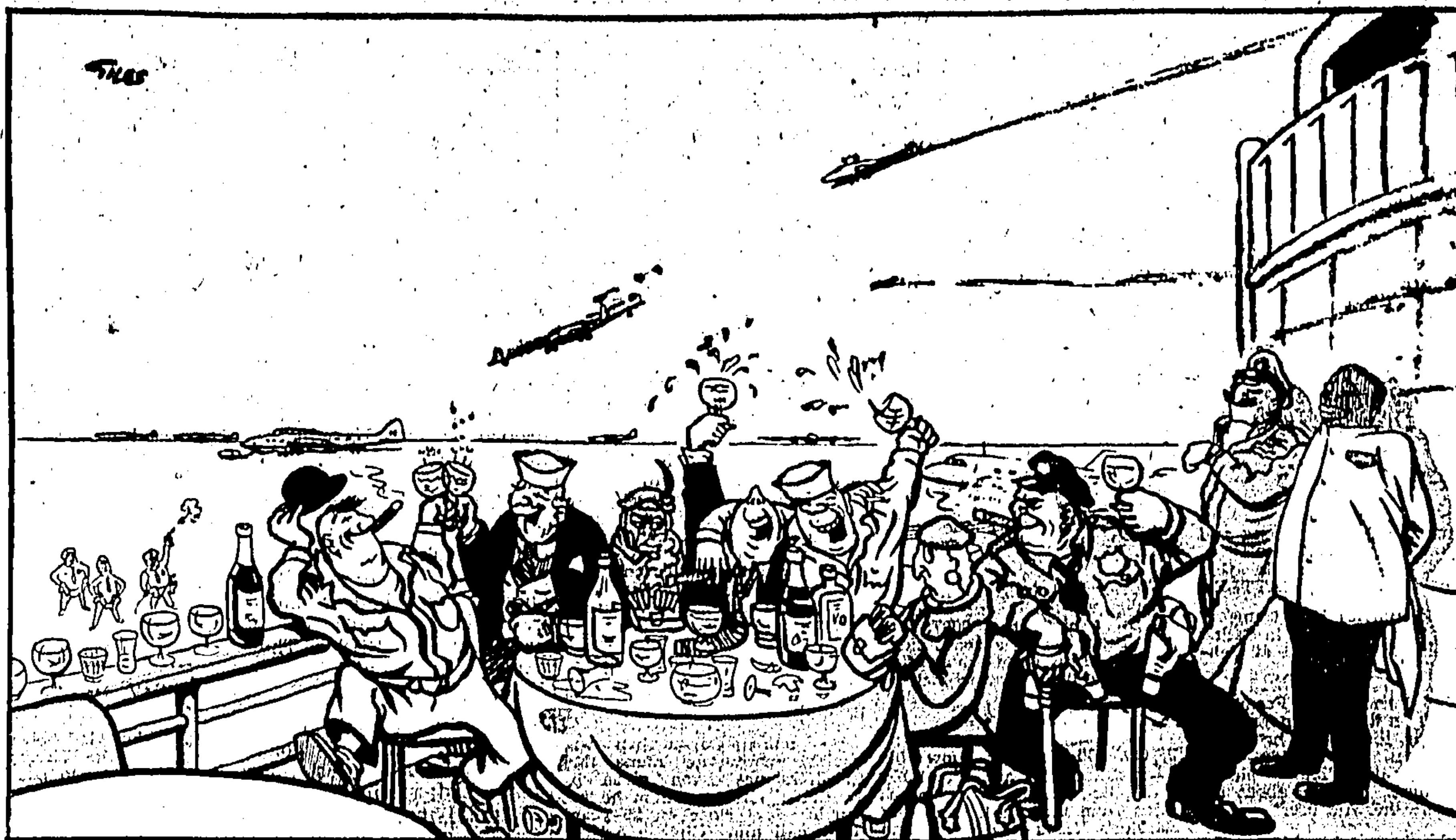
THE "Fund for the Republic," announced the results of its investigation into "loyalty boards"—the government organisations which try civil servants for alleged Communist activities and sympathies.

The report is a little reminiscent of George Orwell's "1984." There is the case of the woman who was dismissed from her job because she had a brother who was not a Communist but who belonged to some "subversive" organisation. She told the board that she didn't think it was her duty to tell the government just what organisation her brother belonged to.

There was the coloured woman who was subjected to hours of grilling because she had twice met a man whom the government thought was a "yellow traveller."

There was the case of the government board which grilled a woman employee because she maintained "a close and sympathetic association" with a man who sympathised with Communists. The man was her husband.

The report is not very pretty; but the fact that it was made and the fact that it was published under the auspices of an organisation backed by the biggest business in the land is indicative of the fact that Americans are no longer, these days, of Al Capone.



"The future of Breakfast in London, Lunch in New York, Tea in London, depends on what sort of lunch you have in New York." London Express Service



# A SCORCHING OCEAN OF SAND NEARLY SMASHED MY SPIRIT

By Richard Pape

Adrar, Sahara Desert. THIS Cape-to-Cape journey is no longer a happy adventure but a desperate, nerve-racking struggle. Yes, I admit it. I'm feeling the strain and praying to get it over. There is a limit to human endurance.

Sweat, agony, toil, tears, desperation, water, water, water. Did I ever revel in this luxury of the cool, kind cold of the northern countries? It is only a short time ago, since I was in Norway, but to me today, it seems like a dream.

I had crossed from Gibraltar to Tangier; I set out to cross Morocco to Colomb Bechar, on the edge of the Sahara. First I hit a huge crater in the road and smashed a spring plate. For 10 hours I laboured in the sun to repair it.

## SANDSTORM

CAME the next blow.... Again I hit a fissure in the tortuous desert road. The roof carrier was torn from its mountings; the sun visor was torn off; the bonnet smashed in; the armour-plating twisted and ripped away.

For three hours I laboured in the tremendous heat. Then came the sandstorm.

Within minutes the whole landscape was blotted out. I could see nothing. The wind howled. The flying fog of sand was eerie, soul-destroying.

It came in the car. It came up my nostrils, in my mouth, in my ears, and in my eyes.

I drank 10 pints of water in two hours. One can hardly say one drinks water; one pours it down one's throat in a frenzy.

I lay in the car in this vast desolate, burning Sahara, and I was afraid. I have been in many dangerous and tense situations, but never have I resolved to kill myself by a pistol bullet before dying of thirst in the Sahara.

## TERRIFYING

THE heat does something to one's brain: it saps it into a useless jelly. Thirst makes one's body tremble and jerk. The pit of one's stomach craves liquid fuel and relief.

The Sahara is terrifying, sinister, ruthless, demoralising. Sweat streams from one's body all the time. It rolls into one's eyes and scalds and burns.

One has to swallow more and more salt to avoid vertigo. And the more salt one takes to keep going, the greater one wants to gulp down water.

Slowly, slowly the car crept into Colomb Bechar.

Here I found a little German called Fritz, discharged from the French Foreign Legion on pension and now running an oxy-acetylene welding plant for military vehicles. He refinished the armour plating once again my engine was made perfect.

I left Colomb Bechar three days later. I was given a special truck by the French as a conveyance. It contained 20 Arabs, and the French driver and his

team knew the tracks well. But, no matter how many times, a French driver has crossed sections of the Sahara, he always views a fresh journey with utter nervousness.

The great truck lumbered mile after mile in front of me. It stopped at an oasis, and the driver told me to take the lead position and stop every now and again for them to catch up. I drove on in front, but I missed the track. I have not seen the French lorry since.

I panicked a little and decided to follow my compass South. Ten hours later after the most hellish, nightmare journey, I came into a small French fort. There I was redirected towards Adrar, 220 miles away.

Shortly afterwards two mad prairie dogs attacked the car. One spat at me through the open window. I smashed my vacuum flask over its head.

I began to feel the utter loneliness of the Sahara and a feeling of being lost forever. I left messages in the sand between my tracks at intervals.

At dawn I picked up the Adrar track again—stupendous luck! But now I began to feel the effects of it all.

My brain whirled. The truck shook the car terribly.

The sun came over the range of mountains, a pale sinister sun. It appeared as streaky diluted blood; it thickened to deep-flowing crimson blood; it became diluted again and suffused the sky in yellow and pale blue. It was eerie, nerve-racking, threatening.

## FEAR

AROUND me was nothing but a Sahara—sand, a vast ocean of nothing but burning yellow sand. The temperature rose to 80, 90, 100, 110, 120.

Not a palm tree in sight, not a soul. My heart pounded with fear. It seemed that my pounding pistons. The motor was screaming in agony too.

He is attempting what no man has ever done before—to drive 14,000 miles in a British car from Norway's North Cape (northernmost point of Europe) to Cape Town (southernmost city of South Africa). As readers of his best-seller "Boldest Be My Friend" remember, 39-year-old Richard Pape escaped from some of the tightest spots in the war. Now, in this special despatch, he describes his 1955 adventures against the implacable forces of the Sahara.

The metal parts of the car might have been oven plates. Then it happened... my car gave out.

A horrible lurching, metallic groaning. The front left spring assembly fell on the road. The corrugated Sahara track had proved too much for the car which had come from the Arctic Circle.

I climbed out and jacked up the car while I still had

PAPE, on the fringes of the limitless desert. The map (inset) shows his route so far, with another thousand miles before the Sahara is crossed.

endlessly, glorious nectar. Then I saw my mother with a silver teapot, and she poured me tea.

I woke up in the shadow of a mud hut. How I got there I shall never know. An old Arab poured water over me from a goatskin.

I was given food. I filled my water containers from the goatskins and collected pieces of palm tree wood. Too soft, but I had to have it. I slowly cleared my brain and sought the help of a guide, a small Arab boy of perhaps 12 years. I set off back towards the car.

And again I was consumed by coma. I sank to the sand and huge spiders watched me from a few feet away. I cursed them. I awoke to find the little Arab had deserted me.

The mystery of it all to me is how I got back to that car. How I pushed palm tree wood into the gaps in place of the springs. How I found two wood supports in the back which I had completely forgotten about.

I examined the damage and collected the pieces. I needed wood to act in lieu of springs; I had to support the car with wood to be able to drive it again. Oh, dear God, wood in the Sahara!

I filled a four-litre rubber water bottle and I set off walking.

I walked more than 20 miles before I came to four palm trees. My brain was burning away when I spotted the trees; my leg muscles had almost withered away too, it seemed.

## MIRAGES

BUT after a time the heat didn't worry me. I saw magnificent mirages. Yes, I saw them. Later I was told in Adrar that it is always the same when death is near in the Sahara.

I saw cool lakes and flowing rivers, lovely women. One woman held out a gold cup full of black liquid and I drank



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# CAPSTICK

HE was once a Liverpool choirboy who ran away to sea. In recent years he has done more than any other man to maintain the sequence of almost uninterrupted triumphs by the world's most famous crime-fighting unit—Scotland Yard.

Record-holder of successful murder investigations at present is Detective Chief Superintendent John Capstick. And this, is the story of his toughest assignment.

He was sent to Carmarthenshire—perhaps the proudest county in all Wales—to solve a double murder mystery that had incensed the local folk more than anything in living memory.

This was the brutal, long-premeditated, hammer-killing of smallholders John and Phoebe Harries, of Derlywyn, a lonely farm near Carmarthen.

They were missing from the night of October 10, 1953. And on-the-spot inquiries revealed no trace or clue of this respected and thrifty old couple.

Grey-haired, astute John Capstick and his assistant Detective Inspector Bill Heddon—it was time colonel in the Army Special Investigation Branch—made their first tour of the valleys of

first conviction for murder in court for 65 years.

That night they dubbed the detective "Capstick, Whitehall." It was the finest compliment they could pay this burly, bowler-hatted policeman.

This was the colloquial way they spoke of their neighbours and friends—Bees the Post, James the Beach, or Harries Derlywyn.

With the title they had accepted him. It was really an accolade for all Whitehall.

The manner in which Capstick gained their trust is one of the greatest inside stories from that storehouse of secrets—Scotland Yard.

FIRST he drew on his vast experience of murder.

SECOND—and this with Capstick was an automatic reflex action—he got the wheel of routine investigation in accelerated motion. Statements were read through; people were questioned time and again on the smallest thing that Capstick knew instinctively did not fit into the jig-saw of his theories.

## THE KILLER



RONALD HARRIES  
A CAT-AND-MOUSE GAME.

suspicion on a drizzly November morning.

They found themselves in an area where many people—loyalists, but distrustful of Government by Whitehall—regard every English official with a mixture of distrust and contempt.

Therefore John Capstick had a double task in the hardest of all pursuits. He had to find the killer, and more; conscious that his actions and his methods were open to the sharpest scrutiny he had to live the part of the perfect Scotland Yard detective.

He succeeded. Women dabbed their eyes the night he walked down the seven steps of Carmarthen's assize court with Ronald Harries, the double-killer and covetous planner, convicted of murder. It was the

HE had proved the value of methodical slogging in taking 40,235 fingerprints of the inhabitants of Blackburn to solve the June Donovan murder in 1947. (Fingerprint 40,235 was that of Griffiths, the murderer.)

And the one-time adventurous choirboy had proved it again when breaking down the seemingly foolproof alibi of Ian Hay Gordon, the R.A.F. cadet, who killed Patricia Curren in Belfast earlier in 1953.

In the case of John and Phoebe Harries, after Capstick had examined all the statements, the finger of suspicion pointed bayonet-sharp at young Ronald Harries, the "nephew"—really a distant relative—of the dead couple.

Harries was a farmer's son and an ambitious one. So, to the people of Derlywyn, Capstick said: "Make me a farmer."

# in the Valleys

# of Suspicion...

by PERCY HOSKINS



## THE GREAT CASES OF SCOTLAND YARD'S GREAT DETECTIVES.

On the second week of this new series, meet Chief Superintendent John Capstick. The master detective, who is 51, came to the Yard from Liverpool. He is married, has three sons, lives at Norwood, grows roses. Expert on underworld slang, in early days with Flying Squad specialised in dating leads on to the running boards of smash-and-grab cars.

Cadno Farm, its head turned north towards a field of kale.

By the time the order was given to search the kale field Capstick knew these damning facts:—

Harries had tried to forge a cheque written by his "uncle," altering a nine to "000"; he had been on the roads near Pendine in his Land-Rover after he said he had "gone to bed."

## THE END.

HOW did Capstick know this last fact? He had once hung a dripping tin of phosphorus paint from the back axle of Harries's Land-Rover to find out his destination.

And Capstick knew too that Harries had lied about a holiday in London for the old folk; that Harries had taken the coveted cattle to Cadno.

Moreover, Harries was already playing up to another woman

of means in the neighbourhood. What his intentions were one can only surmise.

All this from the Capstick routine. Now it only remained for the plan to pay off.

The country-wise search team was ordered into Cadno farm. It was exactly one month after the dual disappearance. A sharp-eyed sergeant of police noticed a withered patch of kale... touched one of the bodies.

Minutes later John Capstick was watching as the spades laid bare the moment of his greatest triumph.

No one in Carmarthen will quarrel with the name that Capstick has been given by London's crooks whom he has fought for close on 25 years. They call him "Charlie Artful."

And above his desk in the Murder Squad room at the Yard, after the execution of Ronald Harries on April 23, 1954, they fixed a wooden plaque with the carved advice of police: "Softly, softly, catcatch monkey." (COPYRIGHT)

## From Cyprus, Island In The Newspot

# TEENAGE TERROR RIDES BY BICYCLE

By DAVID BURK

Nicosia. The echo of three pistol shots rips through the dark, narrow-laned rabbit warren that is Nicosia by night. Two teenagers on bicycles fling their machines round a corner.

In the street they have just left, a young post-office clerk and special constable crumples and lies dead.

Nicosia has had its first street killing. The old Chicago pat-

tern. The killers are mobile. But because many of the streets in the old-walled town are barely 6ft. wide, bicycles replace sedans and limousines.

The police due up. The body is removed. Detectives look around, bewildered, at the flock of unsympathetic rubber-necks that has gathered.

One confesses to me: "What can we do? The killers are probably back among the crowd. And half these people could be EOKA anyway."

EOKA—the National Organisation for the Cyprus Struggle—is the Church-backed island terrorist group that wants the British out of Cyprus, and Enosis—union with Greece.

Nightly terror reports come in from towns and villages. Slogans threatening "Death to traitors" and demanding "Freedom from British slavery" flower on roads and walls.

The police, like the Colony Government that pays them, stay tight-lipped, and largely inactive. It took them an hour to start quelling a riot in which thousands of pounds of damage was done—yet only 30 seconds to clear that area with tear-gas once they did start.

But the answer to any questions on casualties, plans, hopes, details is always: Nothing to say.

## Nothing is said

IN Britain when the I.R.A. raid an Army camp there is a meeting at Cabinet level. Security and detection plans are immediate.

In Cyprus, where for months bombs have been thrown, shots fired, police stations attacked, government buildings blown up, scolded leaflets distributed, nothing happens, nothing is said. With a few exceptions.

Almost exactly a year ago, surprised Cypriots were told they were to get a Constitution. There was immediate reaction from the union-with-Greece organisation. So the islanders were warned that there was a section law which could gaoil or deport anyone attacking the Colony's status.

Today, a year later, there is still no Constitution. And despite ceaseless sedition—led by duplicitous speeches of Enosis leader Archbishop Makarios—not a single person has been charged.

A month ago an 18B-type law (preventive internment without charge or trial) was decreed to detain suspect terrorists. Until a sudden flurry of arrests, the last couple of days, only 16 were held.

Governor Sir Robert Armitage recently assumed powers to enforce a dusk-to-dawn curfew. But they have only just been used for the first time—in an isolated mountain village.

## No follow-up

WHAT has been the effect of these sporadic demonstrations of strength that are rarely followed up, these boomings from an empty barrel?

On the British community and the Services: Despair, anxiety about the future, about their personal safety, and about the island as a key Middle East defence point.

On the Turks (100,000 in the island): A draining of confidence in the Administration they are eager to back and which they believed supported their interests.

On the Greek-speaking Cypriots (400,000 in the island): Manifest.

Young EOKA thugs (the ages of those arrested and those I have seen at work in riots range mainly from 10 to 18) have been NOURISHED by Government inactivity and vacillation.

Only a tiny proportion of the Greek-speaking Cypriots favour terrorism, but they are SOURED to speak or act against it. And I am convinced that it is not the majority that favour Enosis.

## In a mess

THERE have been four deaths so far from EOKA bombs and guns. All four have been Cypriot Greeks. All policemen. Two-thirds of the island's 1,400-strong force is Greek—100 percent loyal, I am assured.

But I have seen more than one hang back self-protectively when, if he really felt himself officially backed, he might have acted. Who can blame them?

The courts are in the same sort of mess. Greek magistrates are scared to hand out heavy punishments to young terrorists for EOKA is vengeful. It is safer to stick to a fine and a warning.

(COPYRIGHT)

# The Notorious LOLA MONTEZ

TO have written this story in the 1850s when Lola Montez was in England would have been dangerous; Lola horsewhipped writers of articles which did not meet with her approval. Once she threw a newspaper proprietor out of a window. He was her husband at the time.

The story of Lola Montez, dancer and adventuress, starts in the Irish town of Limerick when Edward Gilbert and his wife, a former Miss Oliver who had Spanish blood in her veins, had a daughter in 1818. They called the child Marie Dolores Eliza Rosanna.

Mr Gilbert joined the Army and died of cholera in India in 1825. His widow (who had accompanied him to India) married a Captain Craige a year later. Marie was sent home to Captain Craige's relatives in Scotland.

Marie Dolores, already showing signs of beauty—the Spanish blood had given her raven black hair and the Irish blue eyes—was sent to Paris for part of her education and when her stepfather's regiment returned she finally joined her mother at Bath.

Mrs Gilbert had, however, absorbed a great deal of the snobbery which Army life in India engendered and insisted on engaging her daughter to a repulsive old man whose only claim to fame was his knighthood.

Marie then studied dramatic art, but she was not very good at acting. She turned to dancing—and showed promise. After a short visit to Spain, she emerged as "Lola Montez, Spanish Dancer," making her debut at Her Majesty's Theatre London, on June 3, 1843.

It was not a success—she was booed off the stage. Not because her dancing was bad (it was not very good, however), but it is said, because she had rejected the advances of Lord Ranelagh, and he paid a gang of toughs to do the booing.

He obviously spread malicious stories about her ancestry, too, for in the papers of the time there are letters from her denying that she was an Englishwoman. But the damage was done.

She went to India with her husband and his regiment, but the return journey to England in 1842 was followed by a divorce—her husband accusing her of having a far from innocent romance on the voyage home.

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SHE enslaved great men... SHE was the cause of a duel... SHE 'ruled' a kingdom... SHE horsewhipped her critics... SHE threw her husband out of the window

Little knowing Lola's past experience, the Viceroys and his friends tried to boo her from the stage. The boos turned into cheers when Lola promptly told the audience of the Viceroys' offers.

Many of the audience were revolutionaries; and the next morning all the political unrest in Poland nearly exploded—because of Lola. She was ordered to leave the country.

Lola, unhurriedly and with a pistol in her hand, supervised the loading of her belongings on to the coach for St Petersburg.

There she was received by the Czar Nicholas, who gave her costly presents. By now Lola Montez was far more than a Spanish dancer—she was notorious. She went back to Paris and lived in luxury. Her dancing was still

After one attempt to return to Savaria (dressed as a boy) Lola fled to England and tried to return to the stage. The piece in which she proposed to appear, however, was more than the Lord Chamberlain could stomach and it was withdrawn.

Lola's star was now on the wane. At the age of 31 she married again. Her new husband was scarcely more than a boy (with a considerable fortune) and his aunt started proceedings—on the grounds of bigamy, as the final order for Lola's divorce had never appeared. She fled with her new husband—by then a cornet in the Life Guards—to Spain, where she is believed to have borne him two sons.

And then she married again. This time it was to the proprietor of a San Francisco newspaper. It did not last long, and finally Lola threw him out of a window. Although he lived he not unnaturally wanted nothing more to do with her.

She returned to the theatre and sailed for Australia. Once there she objected strongly to an article written about her by the editor of a Melbourne paper. Out came the horsewhip. But Lola was getting a bit past this form of literary revenge. The next time she picked up the horsewhip was to thrash the owner of the theatre in which she was appearing. The owner's wife, however, wrenched the whip from her hand and gave her a taste of her own medicine.

That was the end of Australia for Lola. She sailed back to America. Her health was failing and her friends had almost deserted her when suddenly she met an old school friend from Montrose, Scotland, then the wife of a baronet in New York. From her friend she acquired strongly religious views and devoted the remaining years of her life to visiting unfortunates of her own sex in New York asylums.

Paralysis suddenly struck her and after great suffering she died on January 17, 1861, vastly penitent, saying "My life has been sacrificed to my passions."

In Greenwood Cemetery, New York a tablet marks Lola Montez's grave. It mentions nothing of kingdoms ruled, critics horsewhipped, wealthy lovers or Spanish blood. The inscription refers simply to Eliza Gilbert, aged 43. (COPYRIGHT)

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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN





# HASSAYAMPA HONEYMOON

**R**AIN drove like piercing steel needles against the windscreen of the car as we weaved through the traffic of the Great West Road towards London Airport. -It was a dirty November night, the skies mourning the passing of autumn.

My wife hunched lower in her seat, wincing occasionally as I accelerated past a tedious tortoise. She was coming to the airport because someone had to drive the car back home. For us both, this was a momentous parting. I was due to return in three weeks, but they were three weeks in which I was going to decide whether to cut adrift from my British bonds and try to anchor in the tide of American prosperity.

## Too slowly

I wasn't far off 40. Things were moving too slowly if I ever wanted to get on and I didn't fancy working for the rest of my life. Somehow I felt a move had to be made.

So when Bill Phipps, a bachelor who practically made his home in airplanes and his living from them, suggested I went along on a trip to Arizona where there was three weeks' vacation leave waiting to be packed I just borrowed the car, and here I was.

When I pulled up outside the Customs shed Bill had already arrived, and after I had weighed in my luggage I joined him for a drink. We must have made a strange couple, I am only of medium height; he was like a tall, overgrown plant with a top-heavy head on a narrow stalk.

"Good to get away from this," I jerked my head towards the rain outside.

Bill flicked his fingers for our glasses to be filled, then, "I don't know," he said, "Maybe the rain stops the British being hot-headed. If you travelled as much as I do you'd know London is the best town in the world." Before we could develop the argument our flight number was called and we were on our way.

## Last lap

Some 36 hours later, after a stop in New York, we were on the last lap of our trip, from Phoenix to Wickenburg, in Arizona. Piercing the desert, like white tape across a brown, razor-nosed, went the coast-to-coast highway, and I could see the carpet-indentation of a dried-up river bed.

"That's the Hassayampa river," Bill said. "It flows underground. Tomorrow we'll ride up to the head waters." It was the first time I heard the name Hassayampa, and it didn't register in my mind, because we were following our shadow down on to the narrow grass lane which passed for a leading strip at the ranch where we were to stay.

Pleats of American homes get the misnomer of ranch but

## DID IT HAPPEN?

• Legend said that anyone who drank the waters of the Hassayampa would never speak the truth again... But is this story FACT or FICTION? The answer will be published on Monday

We rode the desert towards the head waters of the Hassayampa.



Green Gorge, at least, had some pretension to the name.

Inside, we might have been in a luxury hotel. The Green Gorge accommodated business people who wanted to slip the yoke, and flew down from the city for a while.

In the hall Bill stretched his head up as though it was a periscope, but still he didn't see what he was looking for. "Don't you get a drink in this place?" he said. "Where's the bar?"

"Sure. You can get one along me."

I'm not certain who wheeled round first, Bill or me, but we were stuck, as surely as if we were butterflies on a pin. The first thing I took in was a cigarette in a long holder, the next hair that defied all colour description unless you were rude enough to label it orange. The woman's shirt reminded me of Piccadilly Circus when the lights are up, but below this she was wearing ordinary blue jeans, which are things we know, as denim, laughed up to take the constant wear of the saddle.

"There's no bar, but I've some Bourbon in my cabin if you boys care to come along."

Bill and I opened our mouths to refuse, but our answer was given by the welcome sound of the dinner bell, so we followed the appetising smell like kids after the Pied Piper.

There was only one table, a huge oval affair. Meat rationing was still on in Britain, and I gaped at the sight of a huge dish crammed with succulent juicy steaks—it ever came near to drooling it was at that moment. We had sat down

before I had time to notice the attractive young girl who was serving. Actually I wasn't aware of her until she sat down beside me, and introduced herself as Dinah.

There were no set places, you just took a chair, forked a steak off the dish and got ahead with the business of eating. The wranglers—men who know their way about the country—sat down with us, and their appetites brooked no hanging around for fancy serving. That's how Dinah came to eat with us too.

I never knew how it happened that Bill and I got separated, but somehow that woman was sandwiched between us, talking to both of us so continuously there might have been a mouth each side of her face. At the end of the meal we knew her name was Ala, and I had begun to wonder if there was a hint of Indian blood in her veins. We were tired and going to bed, but Dinah came running after us down the corridor.

## Five husbands

"Look out for Ala," she warned. "She's had five husbands. The last one got lost riding the range. He went out on his horse, and the horse came back, but he didn't."

Bill came into my cabin, and we looked out of the window where the moon was settling down behind a range of craggy mountains, rising like the teeth of a giant in the distance. Bill pointed to one that seemed to jut out a little more importantly than the rest. "It's the Vulture,"

he said, "Henry Wickenburg, for whom the town was named, went out there and found gold, and he named it Vulture because one settled on a rock as he arrived."

We didn't put it into words, but we both thought there had been a vulture around when we arrived too.

Next morning, when we came out ready to go on the trail, the wrangler had four horses saddled and within a moment Ala arrived, her levis topped this time with a vivid

"Nonsense!" Ala spoke sharply. "That was the Spaniards. The Indians say that if you drink from the waters you will have no peace until you return and settle by the shores." She turned, piercing us with deep brown eyes. "Why must I always stay...?" Without another word she jumped on her horse and led the way back to the ranch.

## Garishness

After that our days followed the same pattern. Mornings we rode the Hassayampa trail, evenings we square-danced in the barn. It was there young Dinah told me she had itchy feet, and was saving to come to England. The 6,000 miles seemed a long way for a waitress to manage, but I gave her my address, and told her to look me up. Somehow, on acquaintance, even Ala's garishness did not seem too bad.

Maybe we got used to her, or maybe I longed to stay in that lovely country, increased as the day for departure drew near. On the other hand, Bill wanted to get home. In a way he was enjoying himself, but as most men have an ambition to travel, his was satiated, and he only wanted to settle in London streets—from what we could hear on the radio, they were full of fog, because it was December, 1952. Do you blame me for having no inclination to return from sunny Arizona?

I got up early that last morning and as I stood lathering my face I saw Ala walking over towards the corral and smiled to myself. Poor Ala, she had wasted her time with us. She was evidently going some distance because she had her water bottle.

## Farewell party

Bill and I went out alone with Lou that morning and did not see Ala except at meals until she came to fetch us along to her farewell party. The cabin was just like ours except that, living there most of the time, a few of her personal possessions were dotted around. But there were no photographs. Maybe five husbands were a bit many to flaunt. Bill was in a happy, confident mood. London was not many hours away. He flirted outrageously with Ala, like a man who is content to be put on a leash knowing he can slip it the minute he wants. I was the quiet one, wondering how I was going to come back here, knowing that was the only life for me, how foolish were men who lived in cities.

Ala was putting ice and bourbon into glasses. I half-rouched myself from my mood as she walked across to her dresser and came back carrying a beaker. I'd seen that one before. Then I remembered she had been carrying it when she went riding that morning... the Hassayampa legend rose like a red flag in front of me, and with it clarity burst through the dream world that had been occupying my mind. Arizona took on its right perspective, a place that attracted because it was unobtainable; reality was my home and family, my job in London, and I wanted to return to them, with sudden desperate urgency.

My protest that I would not have water was too late, but "Don't worry," Bill said, "I'll swap, there's none in mine." He pushed his glass over to me, and before I could speak had taken



by Peter Duncan

PETER DUNCAN has edited and produced in Town tonight since 1947 and made it into the BBC's first simultaneous sound and television series. But Duncan himself is not always in town. He was brought up at Southend-on-Sea. He has visited the United States. He spends one day a week with his wife and two children at their country home in Surrey.

a draught. I looked at my watch. In my mind, I was trying to work out how long it would be before I got home.

When we landed I learned my wife was ill and about to go into hospital; the children were due home from school. By the time I had things sorted-out, we had been back a month before I telephoned Bill.

## A shock

I got a shock to learn that he had resigned. They didn't know where he had gone. Abroad somewhere, they thought.

And that might have been the last I ever heard of Bill, if young Dinah hadn't achieved her ambition. She arrived over in Britain only last month. We were sitting in the lounge one evening, my wife, Dinah and I with Arizona just a warm, comfortable memory in my mind, when Dinah said, "You know that friend of yours, the one..."

"Bill?" I queried, perking up like our albatross when he hears his footsteps in the drive. "Yes," she said, "do you know what he is doing? He came back to Arizona and married Ala, and they're running a store in Wickenburg."

The Hassayampa water! So that was it. My suspicion had been right. Bill drank it and found himself compelled to return to Arizona... and Ala. Or maybe it is the other legend that is true. Perhaps I drank the water, and am not telling the truth.

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## DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put your tick in the space above and keep this panel by you until Monday. When the answer will be given - with another story in this series by

Maurice Levinson

Did yesterday's story - At Last I said 'No' by Louis Golding - actually happen? The answer is YES.

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# LONELIEST MEN IN THE WORLD

There are eight of them. Soon they will change their London flat for an island in the sub-Antarctic

**"I** SAY," said a tall young man with a pipe, "I've got a marvellous recipe for fried seals' brains. First you soak them in sea-water for three hours - that makes them hard - then you slice them thin and fry them. We'll have lots of that." "Oh, good," said another tall young man, wearing spectacles.

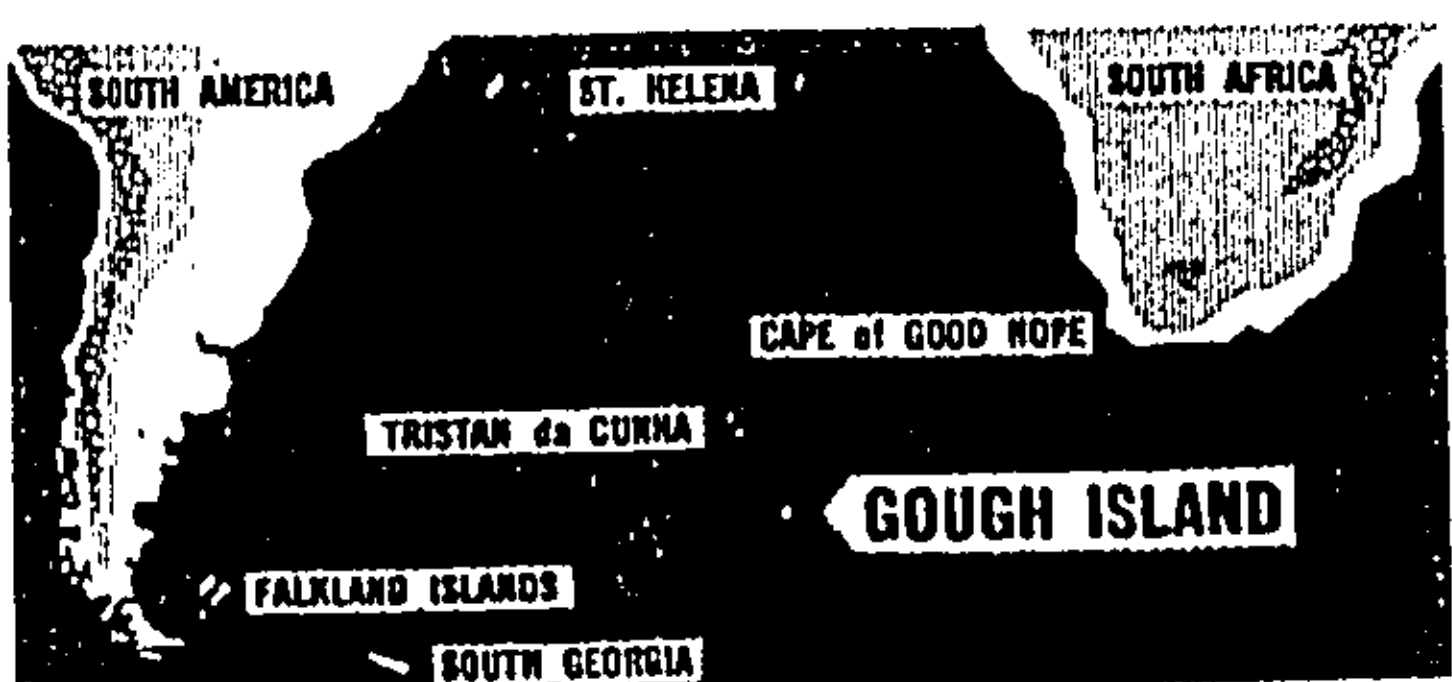
This remarkable conversation took place in a top-floor flat in a house off Gloucester Road. There were four young men in the large, untidy room when I arrived: books and files were strewn about the floor, a tape-recorder was shrilling piano music.

## FOUR MEN

It looked like the living-room of a house shared by a group of undergraduates, and indeed the four men had only just finished at the university.

But they were in the last stages of planning an expedition besides which the most extravagant steep-climbing over indulged in among the dreaming spires of Oxford or Cambridge would appear rather less exciting than marbles.

They are off to spend five months on an uninhabited and largely unexplored island in the sub-Antarctic. You've heard of Tristan da Cunha, the loneliest island in the world? Well, Gough Island is 200 miles from Tristan da Cunha, and just that much lonelier. It is 1,600 miles from the Cape of Good Hope and twice that distance from Cape Horn.



Gough Island... a climate of fog, rain, hail and storms.

by BERNARD LEVIN

Its climate consists mainly of fog, rain, hail and storms, and the only people who ever go near it are islanders from Tristan da Cunha after a crash. Gough Island has lots of seaweed. It also has a bird that has forgotten how to fly.

Why are these young men doing it? Being unable to believe that they were doing it solely from a desire to eat fried seals' brains. I asked the organiser of the expedition, John Heaney, to explain.

Mr Heaney, who thought out the whole scheme, has been forbidden to go, at the eleventh hour, on medical grounds. This he confesses to finding "pretty depressing." But he told me the general idea.

## USEFUL

There is to begin with, one way in which the expedition is going to be useful in a very practical way. Gough Island lies right in the path of weather on its way to South Africa. (Having taken a smack at Gough Island, it seems the weather becomes much more tractable.)

Recordings and observations of the weather made on the island will be helpful to the South African weather men, making their forecasts more accurate and reliable. Of course, this will mean that the party has to rise at 5 a.m. to take the first of the day's soundings of the weather. But this, I gather, is the least of their worries. In order, for instance, to have somewhere to rise from at 5 a.m., the first thing they are going to do when they land is to build a hut. Until this is done they will have some very first-hand experience of the weather itself.

The hut will measure 50ft. by 12ft. and will be divided into three parts. At one end will be the plant generating their electricity, at the other the radio

room from which their weather reports will go out.

In the middle section they will live. "All of you?" I asked. "All of us," was the firm reply from Robert Chambers, who will be leading the expedition in place of John Heaney, retired.

## SEALS' BRAINS

There would be Michael Swales (he was the one who had found the recipe for seals' brains), who is one of the party's two zoologists, Philip Mullock, who will be the radio operator, Chambers himself - a survivor (he was the one who had cried "good" at the news that seals' brains were on the menu). There would be a South African meteorologist, Mr. van der Merwe, whom none of the party had met and who, at 29, was the oldest member of the expedition by a good three years. Altogether, there would be eight of them.

What are they going to do besides report on the weather? Well, remember that the island is virtually unexplored. They are going to make accurate maps of it for a start (for Mr Chambers, the party's surveyor).

## NEW SPECIMENS?

Then there are the trees and grasses and flowers to be examined - and who knows whether there may not be some entirely new specimen awaiting discovery? (Forward Mr Wace, the company's botanist and the only Oxford man in a gathering of Light Blues.) Then the animals (if any), the birds and the insects have to be examined. They hope to find some more about evolution by studying that bird that has forgotten how to fly. And having examined

everything that grows or creeps or walks upon the island, and everything that flies above it (or doesn't fly above it), they will turn their attention to the island itself.

Oh, yes, they have a geologist in the party. He is Mr. Le Maitre and at 21 the baby of the expedition.

So there they are, then, eight gay young men who set out on September 1 for five months or more of loneliness, cold and hardship.

## A FEW BOOKS

And which of us, strap-hanging up and down the Bakerloo line, doesn't envy them all of it - hardship, loneliness, cold, seals' brains and all?

They are not making many concessions to the life they are leaving behind them. They are taking a few grammophones - Vaughan Williams' Antarctic Symphony, for instance - which they will probably be too busy to play, and a few books, including the Pilgrim's Progress, Dante's Purgatory, and Lewis Carroll's Hunting of the Snark - which they will probably be too busy to read.

The only other luxury they are allowing themselves is the Penguin Cookery Book. "The only trouble with that," said Philip Mullock, the radio operator, solemnly, "is that it doesn't tell you how to cook penguins."

(CONTINUED)



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# Why Do Men Believe In These Dream Girls?

ASK any man, what-  
ever his age or  
status, whether he  
would care to meet  
Marilyn Monroe or Gina  
Lollobrigida, and sure  
enough a gleam will come  
into his eye. What more  
natural, you are probably  
thinking, the Misses Monroe  
and Lollobrigida are enough  
to send up any man's blood  
pressure. At the risk of a  
big mee-ow I disagree. I be-  
lieve that an evening with  
any professional pin-up, the  
Misses Monroe and Lollo-  
brigida included, is as likely  
as not to develop into one  
long yawn.

The fact is, as every  
woman knows, man is  
eternally naive in his assess-  
ment of women. He seems  
incapable of seeing a  
woman as she really is. He re-  
gards her rather as a  
symbol, more like a creature  
in an advertisement, and  
labels her accordingly. Thus  
woman is Sex with a  
capital S, Mother with a  
capital M, The Wife, or,  
more oddly, The Missus.  
Sometimes she is the Ideal  
Woman, which merely  
means she is unobtainable.  
For those who do not fit  
into these categories man  
has a further series of tags  
—The Career Woman, Siren,  
Blue Stocking, Outdoor Girl,  
Hockey Girl, Slut, Shrew,  
Gamin or Rake.

Intellectually, man realises  
that woman may be a mixture  
of all these attributes, but his  
heart rejects what reason tells  
him. If the creature he has cast  
as Mother proves Oscar Wilde's  
contention, that "every woman  
is at heart a rake," he is flabber-  
gasted.

## A fiction

This brings me back to the  
Misses Monroe and Lollobrigida.  
This seemingly delectable pair  
is largely a fiction of the male  
mind. For, failing to see woman  
as she really is, man then does  
his utmost to turn her into  
what she is not.

Impresarios, film directors,  
script writers, movie camera-  
men, still photographers, film  
editors, publicists, copywriters,  
dress designers, gossip writers  
(mostly men, please note) de-  
voted their energies and talents,  
their life's blood, you might say,  
to putting over these two young  
women as the acme of sexual  
aspiration.

Marilyn Monroe and Gina  
Lollobrigida are photographed  
from every conceivable angle.  
For every photograph released,  
at least a dozen are rejected.  
Not sexy enough would be the  
studio pronunciation.  
Semi-salacious dialogue, lines  
they would be incapable of  
thinking up for themselves, are  
put into their mouths. Their  
deportment is corrected by film

**An evening with Marilyn Monroe  
or Gina Lollobrigida could easily  
develop into one long yawn.....**

directors, their every move re-  
hearsed until it adds up to pro-  
vection. Film editors carefully  
eliminate any move, angle or  
inflection that might show these  
young women to a disadvantage.  
For every foot of film that is  
shown on the screen, a mini-  
mum of ten is thrown on the  
cutting-room floor.

Sir Walter Scott probably  
spent less time on one of his  
longer novels than the Misses  
Monroe and Lollobrigida spend  
with dress-designers, filters,  
hairdressers and make-up men.

**BY JILL  
CRAIGIE**

Surveying their own creation,  
men then begin to believe in it.  
But the plot creeps. Having  
lent themselves to this treat-  
ment, Marilyn Monroe and Gina  
Lollobrigida, to their credit,  
refuse to play in real life the  
part allotted to them.

If Miss Lollobrigida is in a  
temper, is it the fury of a  
woman scorned? Not at all.  
Someone has published a photo-  
graph of herself not to her like-  
ing. Engage her in conversa-  
tion and what does she talk  
about? Men? Certainly not. She  
is worried about income tax. If  
her hair is tousled it is careful-  
ly disarranged for the benefit of  
photographers. A hairdresser  
is always within combing dis-  
tance.

Indeed, wherever she travels,  
there goes her hairdresser,  
dressmaker and beauty expert.  
Imagine The Wife spending so

much time on her appearance. I  
can almost hear the potlunt,  
"for heaven's sake stop fussing."

As for Miss Monroe's utter-  
ances, they seem to be restricted  
to an everlasting plea to be  
allowed to act. She wants to act  
more than anything in life,  
nothing is quite so important to  
her, certainly not sex. Time and  
again she has said that she is  
tired of playing sexy roles.

## Desirable

But these women, you may  
say, are nevertheless beautiful  
and therefore desirable. Then  
why, I ask, are men never  
satisfied with the idols they  
create? No sooner is one of them  
safely ensconced on her pedes-  
tal than another is sought for  
in her place.

Last year it was Audrey Hep-  
burn, the year before Jane  
Russell, the year before that Jean  
Simmons and so on and so on.  
Ask any man today whether  
he would care to meet Jane  
Russell and the gleam in his  
eye is not at all the same as  
for Gina Lollobrigida.

Yet only yesterday it seemed  
that Jane Russell was the  
answer to the masculine  
prayer. Did she let down her  
worshippers by talking too much  
of Bible classes and adopted  
children? Or did the final dis-  
illusionment come when she  
confessed that left to herself she  
was naturally rather shy about  
her figure? The point is that  
film stars, like any other women,  
are being established refuse to  
live down to men's conception  
of them.

Today there are signs that  
men are already tiring of the  
current beauties. Marilyn Mon-  
roe need have no fears that she  
will not be allowed to act. Be-  
fore long she may be forced to  
do so.

I seem to hear men saying  
what about a plain girl for a  
change? Before we can say  
Lollobrigida, Jill Bennett will  
probably have taken her place.  
She will be put over as the girl  
who is different—the girl who  
has something other women  
have not, meaning, of course,  
sex.

What nonsense it is, I am not  
saying that film stars are  
deficient in sexuality. I do say  
they are as much of a mixture  
as most women. Where they  
differ—and it is a big differ-  
ence—is in their priorities. If  
any label should be tagged on  
to a professional beauty, par-  
ticularly one who lends herself  
to the exploitation of sex, it is  
that of CAREER WOMAN.

She is likely to be a fairly  
egocentric one at that. That is  
why I say an evening with  
Marilyn Monroe or Gina Lollo-  
brigida could easily develop into  
one long yawn unless they are  
exceptions to a rule commonly  
accepted in film studios.

## A dynamo

Whereas a tight-lipped,  
freckle-faced secretary typing  
furiously in an office might be  
a positive dynamo of passion,  
sex may well be her particular  
priority. Yet even she would  
hope for recognition of the  
maternal and efficient side of  
her nature.

If only men would take off  
their blinkers and see women as  
we really are—complex crea-  
tures of infinite variety, cap-  
able of development, they  
would find us so much more  
fun than their absurd illusions.  
(COPYRIGHT)



LA LOLLO — LEARNS HOW TO JUMP ON THE TRAMPOLINE FOR HER NEW PICTURE "TRAPEZE."

# RUBY M. AYRES—HER TOUGHEST CHAPTER

by Nancy Spain

THE news of Ruby  
M. Ayres, ill (with  
pneumonia) at a Wey-  
bridge, Surrey, nursing  
home, is that she has had  
"a fair day."

A fair day...but the  
toughest chapter in the life  
of the 72-year-old novelist.  
Her writing life so far has  
been 57 years, for at the  
age of 15 she was expelled  
from school for writing an  
"advanced" love story.

"Disgraceful," said the head  
mistress. "Every girl in the  
school has read it." "I realised  
then," said Ruby Mildred  
Ayres, "that I was on to some-  
thing really good."

Since that day Ruby has  
never looked back.  
She was born in January 28,  
1883, daughter of a successful  
architect in Watford.

She was briefly engaged to  
a young man. She said that  
she "couldn't bear them when  
they got sentimental."

Then, at the age of 25, she  
published her first professional  
work, a novel called "Richard  
Chatterton, V.C." It sold like  
billy-o. So she wrote others,  
books with titles like "The  
Littest Lover," "The Ring  
That Followed Her," "Young  
Shoulders."

## No fuss

RUBY sometimes wrote 15,000  
words a day (most  
authors write 1,000), typing  
with two fingers on an ancient,  
upright, office machine. "A man  
offered to teach me touch-typing  
once," she said. "But it would  
put me off. I can't stand fuss."

By the time she was 30 Ruby  
was earning £20,000 a year,  
referred to herself with a  
happy grin as "Queen of the  
Tripe-Writers," and happily  
married to Reginald William  
Pocock, an insurance broker.  
They lived in close harmony  
until Mr Pocock died, in a  
seven-bedroomed house called  
Rest Harrow, in Weybridge.

Ruby occasionally dived off  
to Egypt, South America,  
Africa, New Zealand, or New  
York. But just for the ride. "I  
can't work on a journey," she  
said. "It gives me the creeps."

## No family

HER 150-odd novels, which to  
date have sold about  
10,000,000 copies are, alas, her  
only children. I met her once,  
at a surprising lunch when I  
sat between her and another  
remarkable woman, Frances  
Day.

What a lunch it was. They  
spent the whole of the meal  
over the papers, perfectly happy  
together studying form and  
putting money on horses.

Ruby wore a severe black  
suit and hat to match, with a  
fine white frill of lace at the  
throat. I remember thinking  
what an old pet she is.  
She had a grey parrot called  
Benjamin, and she said she  
hated "the ballet and affected  
young men."

## No lies

BLUE-EYED, fair skinned,  
with a jaw like the prow  
of a battleship, I don't think  
she has ever told a lie in her  
life. She certainly never uses  
make-up and she says that  
women authors are terrible.

"Have you ever seen them,"  
she asked me, "sitting round at  
all those literary luncheons,  
looking as if they'd just written  
the Bible?"

She said plenty of other  
things too—  
Everything old-fashioned is  
best. Four things that have  
gone off are fashion, architec-  
ture, the Government, and girls.

I can't describe scenery. So  
when my characters get out-of-  
doors I make it rain and bring  
them in again.

I never write to please my-  
self. I only write for money.

She hates time-wasters too.

"When I was young people  
used to stop me and ask me if  
I was Ruby M. Ayres, and I  
used to say 'Yes' and gas about  
myself for hours."

"Now I say 'No' and walk  
away."

## No moods

RUBY is proudest, I think, of  
the fact that somebody's  
husband had once written  
to her after he had read an  
article of hers, upbraiding The  
Unromantic Husband.

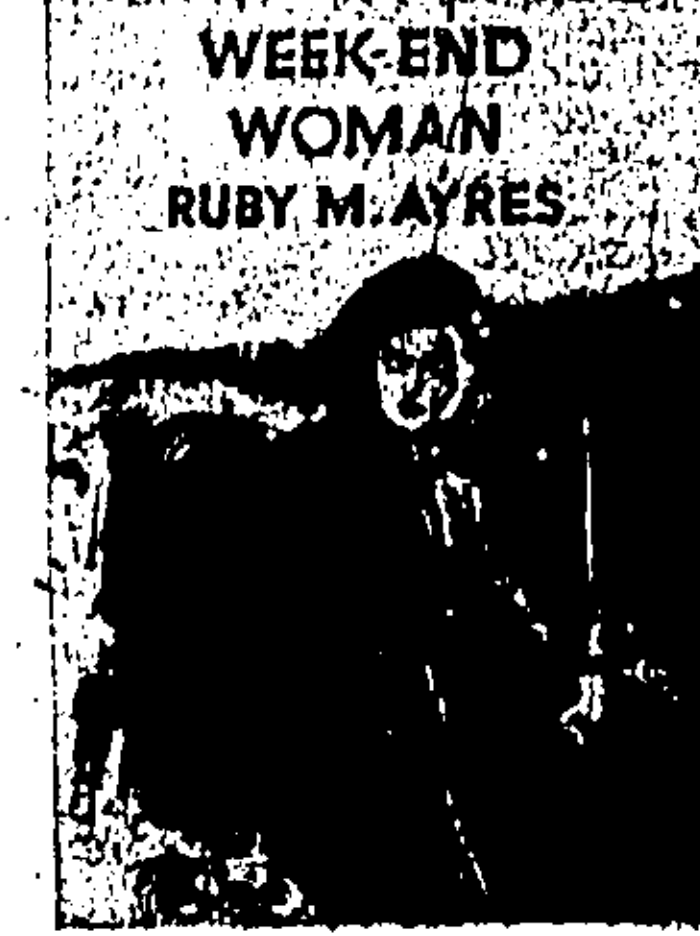
"When I finished your words,"  
he wrote, "I went over and  
kissed my wife, just as I used  
in the good, romantic days."

Which is so odd, you know,  
for among writers Ruby M.  
Ayres has a reputation not for  
romance, but for common sense.

She once took part in a  
literary discussion with Sir  
Compton Mackenzie who said  
he could only write "after  
dinner, and in the mood."

"What utter rubbish," said  
Ruby. "First I fix the price.  
Then I fix the title. Then I  
write the book."

## YOU YOUNGER...



## GENERATION...



## ASK YOUR MOTHERS



## ABOUT THESE

## To Be Read With Restraint...But With Hope

# NEW LINE OF ATTACK—PERHAPS THE KEY TO A CURE FOR CANCER

By Chapman Pincher

WHAT is probably  
the most hopeful  
news yet recorded  
in the fight against cancer  
has emerged from a meeting  
of eminent doctors at the  
Royal Society of Medicine  
in London.

No curative treatment is  
yet in sight, but doctors who  
have been attacking the  
stubborn cancer problem  
along a new line believe they  
have at last achieved what  
they call a "break-through."

To quote Sir Stanford  
Cade, a leading cancer  
specialist who spoke at the  
meeting, the new advance

may hold "the key or one of  
the keys, not only to the  
control of the disease, but  
even to its prevention."

★

The new findings strong-  
ly suggest that cancer of the  
breast in women and of the  
prostate gland in men is  
caused by a disturbance of  
the balance of the various  
gland-secretions of the body.

There is clear-cut evidence  
collected from hospitals  
during the last five years

that simply by changing  
this gland balance the lives  
of some patients suffering  
from breast or prostate  
cancer can be prolonged.

This change can be  
achieved by removing cer-  
tain of the glands surgically.

"The degree of improve-  
ment varies from temporary  
alleviation of the symptoms  
to a most remarkable  
improvement and restora-  
tion to a near-normal state  
of health," Sir Stanford  
Cade reported.

★

The man mainly respon-  
sible for this advance is  
Professor Charles Huggins,  
a Canadian-born surgeon  
now working at Chicago  
University.

He has shown that by  
removing the adrenal  
glands—two small organs  
near the kidneys—cancer of  
the breast and prostate can  
be brought under control,  
though not cured.

In Britain, Sir Stanford  
Cade and others have con-  
firmed his findings and are  
extending them.

Indeed, it was the marked  
effect of this substance—  
first made by the British  
chemist Sir Charles Dods-  
on—that put Huggins on the  
new line of inquiry.

I must stress again that no  
cures have yet been achieved  
by any of these methods, and  
the improvement they can bring  
usually lasts for only a few  
months. THEIR IMPORTANCE  
LIES IN THE NEW HOPE  
THEY RAISE FOR THE  
FUTURE.

★

These operations are  
severe and have to be under-  
taken on the off chance that  
they might bring benefit,  
because for some reason as  
yet unknown not all patients  
respond to them.

★

So the doctors are search-  
ing for methods of correct-  
ing the gland-balance by  
giving gland extracts by  
injection or in tablet form.

Claims that some success  
can be achieved by feeding  
thyroid gland extract were  
made by British doctors at  
the Royal Society of  
Medicine meeting.

A synthetic chemical  
called stilboestrol, which  
acts like a natural gland  
extract, is already being  
given to patients as a stan-  
dard treatment for cancer of  
the prostate.

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# Marriage Is A Business —And It's Booming!

By GEOFFREY JOYCE

THE marriage business in  
Britain is booming.  
Yes, the marriage business.  
London (the centre of the  
marriage trade as it is of  
most other trades) has four  
marriage bureaux, all of  
them the acme of respect-  
ability, and all of them  
doing a growing business.

Between them, they have  
close to three thousand  
people on their books—and  
considering that they marry  
them off at about the rate  
of 20 a week while the  
number remains constant,  
there is little doubt that  
there is a market there to  
be filled.

## THEIR FORMULA

While other businesses have  
lately been gently throttled by  
the Chancellor of the Exchequer,  
the marriage trade got a boost  
in the spring budget with the

increased tax allowances for the  
married.

All four work to a pretty  
standard formula. They collect  
name, income, nationality,  
occupation, height, age and  
description of dream man/woman,  
charge a fee, (between four and  
six guineas), and then supply  
particulars of approximate dream  
man/woman.

If party A likes the parti-  
culars, party B is contacted. If  
he or she agrees, a meeting is  
arranged.

After that the couple are on  
their own. Or, their own  
exclusive agency which charges  
another 20 guineas from each  
partner successfully married.  
This one claims "a number" of  
Members of Parliament among  
its successfully married clients.

For the fee, the client is  
entitled to as many introductions  
as he likes—unless someone  
lodges a protest about his conduct  
when after investigation, he is  
usually struck from the books.

Such complaints, however, are  
few. Most complaints are that  
the proposed partner isn't quite

as tall as his form indicated, or  
perhaps a little bald.

Most bureaux manage to strike  
a fairly neat balance among their  
clients. Men and women are  
about even in numbers.

But they suffer from too many  
young men and too many oldish  
women.

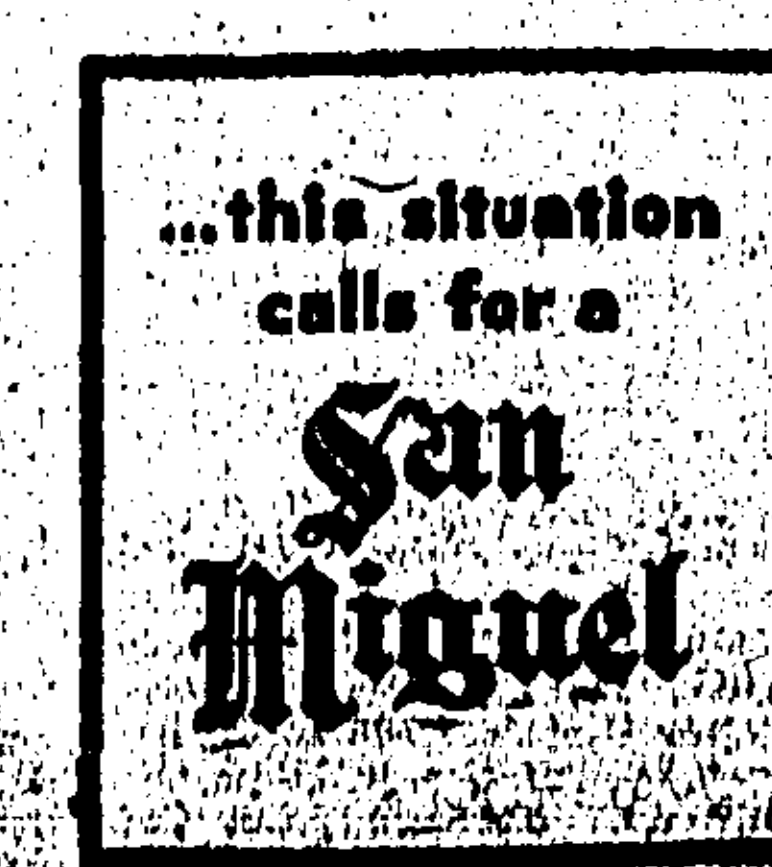
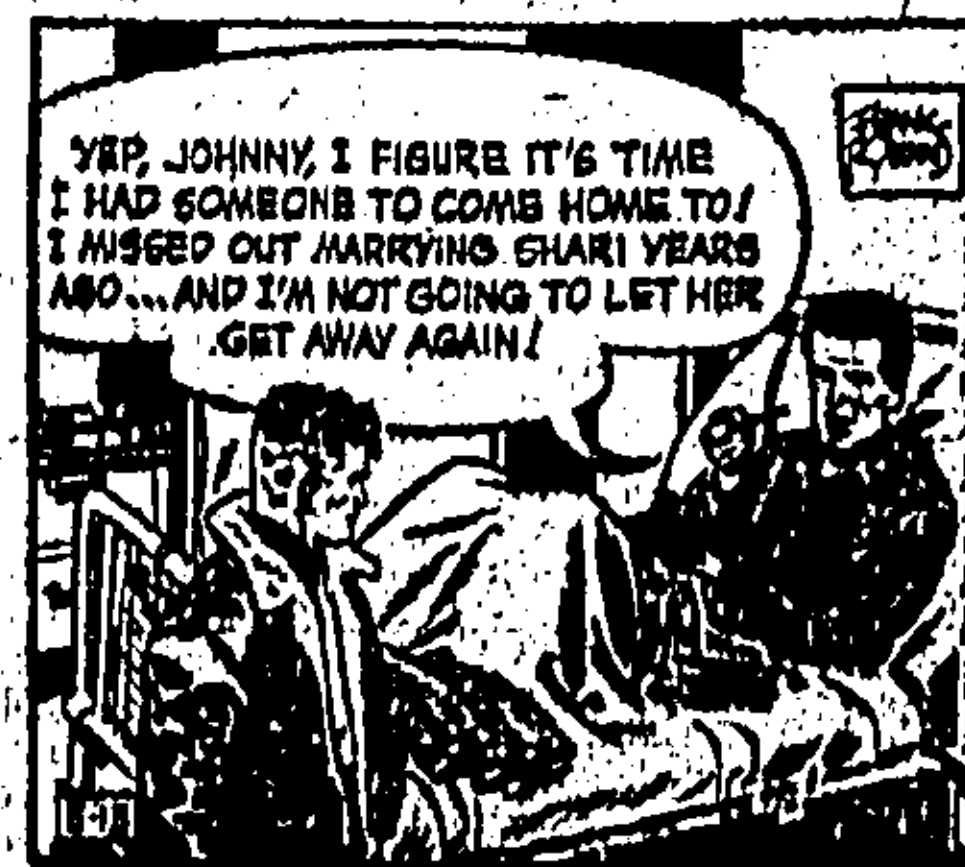
## WILFIRE STATE

That is inevitable. For the  
country has a surplus of women  
over 30 and a surplus of men  
under 30. Wars thinned the ranks  
of the over-thirty men, but  
there are naturally more men  
than women born. While  
more boy babies used to die,  
thus evening the score, the  
national health scheme has  
stopped that.

The arrival of large numbers  
of young men on the lists has  
convinced the bureaux pre-  
siders that there may be some-  
thing in the theory that the  
warfare state has been having  
its effects.

After all, the British citizen  
starts almost every other kind  
of venture by filling in a form.  
Why not marriage?

## JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation  
calls for a  
**San Miguel**



## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## Evening Dress With Puffed Sleeves



"Jacqueline", by Madame Fath, is an evening gown in pale blue velvet. It has a wide shoulderline and puffed lantern sleeves. Gold embroidery covers the top part of the dress.—Agence France-Presse.

## Queenly Waistline Kept At 22" By Walk, Will-power

London. QUEEN Elizabeth II, who boasts the trim figure a movie star might envy, keeps it that way with lots of walking and will-power.

The young British monarch faces more temptations to go overboard on good food and drink, simply because she is royalty. She never is without state banquets, official lunches and parties on her schedule. With them go elaborate foods, champagnes and other wines.

But the Queen, who once had to go on a diet and drop a few pounds, has become expert at sitting out a few courses and sipping only a little wine. And she never eats between meals.

She gets more exercise than you'd think, despite her hectic official schedule.

The mere performance of her public duties calls for a lot of walking. When at home in Buckingham Palace, she takes

her dogs out for a brisk walk around the grounds every afternoon.

Weekends at Windsor Castle, the Queen and Prince Phillip often walk the five miles around the Great Park, and usually go riding before breakfast. On a holiday in Scotland at Balmoral Castle, she goes fishing and deer-stalking. She also spends a lot of time in the gardens, playing with Prince Charles and Princess Anne.

It all helps to keep her waistline at a neat 22 inches and her lovely pink and white complexion clear and youthful.

When possible at official functions the Queen drinks orangeade instead of alcoholic beverage. Sometimes courtesy requires her to take a little wine. But she just takes a few sips and puts the glass down.

## FRESH FRUITS

The menu for any lunch or dinner she is to attend always is sent in advance to her lady-in-waiting. The lady-in-waiting promptly eliminates any dishes the Queen considers fattening.

Elizabeth skips rich soups, creams or pastry dessert. She prefers grilled to fried foods, and does not eat elaborate sauces.

Fresh fruit dishes, such as her favourite, Pear Cardinal, replace ices and souffles when possible.

Her footman arranges to skip one complete course of every elaborate banquet, when the Queen entertains with a state banquet at Buckingham Palace.

Her guests may enjoy the chef's creations, but the Queen sticks to her "one main dish only" rule. She may eat the fish course and ignore the chicken which follows, doing it so quietly her guests don't always notice.

If the Queen is lunching with her husband, the couple usually will have one meat or fish, vegetables and fresh fruit.

## AFTERNOON TEA

Like most Englishwomen, she enjoys tea in the afternoon, usually sipping two cups with a small sandwich and perhaps a slice of cake.

Dinner is at eight and is another one main dish meal with cheese or fruit afterwards, unless the Queen has guests.

After the birth of Princess Anne, Queen Elizabeth began adding pounds. She went to one of the court doctors for a planned diet, and started counting calories.

In eight weeks she had regained her slenderness. The Queen's measurements are model ones—bust and hips 34, waist 22, 40, 40, with her five-foot, four-inch height.—United Press.

What is your choice? A pretty hat of flowers, or something startling and chic?

## If You Choose A Paris Hat...It's So Smart It Makes The Women Jealous

By KAY CAMPBELL

London. THERE are two ways of choosing a hat. You can buy a confection of flowers and frou-frou, perch it on your golden curls and hear from other women that you're kittenish. Or you can choose something startling and chic which will terrify the men but be so madly smart that it makes the women jealous.

In London, the confection hat wins hands down. It wins for weddings, christenings and smart parties—though it won't do much to aid your appearance if it is nothing more than a handful of flowers. Budget versions of Dior's crescent-shaped half hat have appeared everywhere; at Ascot in many colours, and even at Buckingham Palace, where an Australian debutante wore one when presented to the Queen.

In Paris, where sheer chic comes first, and the women don't mind scaring the men in their life, pretty hats are rare. Gilbert Orell, it is true, shows oriental hats which sit on your head like miniature pagodas and are snapped up by the Americans. But the couturiers have, as one man, launched large top-heavy hats which they combined with stark slim black clothes. (Yes, maybe the wearers do look a bit like those grotesque figures in a Mardi Gras procession.)

★ ★ ★

Who will wear these hats abroad? Nowhere but in Paris can you walk around balancing something the size of a suitcase on your head without a crowd gathering.

In London people would look embarrassed, and pretend not to notice. In New York they would laugh out loud. In Moscow they might cause a revolution.

For Paris is producing hats shaped like big bass drums and hats in fur, cut like trappers' caps, huge stuffed berets which pull down over your eyes, and weirder-than-life-size baker boy caps in vivid hairy tarlans.

Dior shows outside Tam-o-shanters in tweed decorated by tall plumes. Givenchy, whose monster straw boater made fashion history last season, shows the strangest hats of all—hats that trail way behind as you walk, like storm signals from a mast. (Elizabeth has sketched one in stiffened gros-grain ribbon.)

Also, definitely threatened for next winter, are monster business-man's bowlers in white fur and, worst of all, swansdown which carries its own private snowstorm. Givenchy showed a coat in swansdown at his collection and as the model passed we were showered with feathers.

Even Genevieve Fath, whose collection was lent to her clients, stuck to the large hat idea, and showed draped pink velvet toques like giant quivering white-manges, with humming-birds nesting in the folds.

It had to happen. The first space hat has appeared, at Paulette's. It is made in velvet and has a curious appendage like a mushroom rising straight up from the crown. Her prize piece, however, is a high hat which she says is like "an accordion that expires." This consists of a crown and tiny brim in marble patterned felt, joined by a wide band of black jersey crumpled down into folds. (Elizabeth has drawn it here.) The whole effect is very gay and rather rakish and looks just like a top hat that has been sat on accidentally.

★ ★ ★

Also everyone has turned to travel hats for inspiration and there are as a result innumerable versions on sale in Paris made up in wool jersey and designed to pack well, keep your hair neat and your ears warm.

The newest hats are close-fitting helmets, like our old friend the jelly-bag cap. But the haute couture styles are either draped turbans with stoles to match or cut like Balalaeva helmets with material swathed under the chin like a yashmak or that has slipped, as you can see from Elizabeth's sketch. At Paulette's the helmet is worn over a beret; at Sventi's, over it. But the effect is not very different.

Evening hats are fashioned from feathers used as ribbon and ribbon bunched up like



feathers. Little turbans of draped brocade with a distinctly Persian appearance were seen at Dior's. At Paulette's there was the most expensive helmet in the world—fashioned from gold tubular beads into a lattice which expanded to fit your head and a gold collar to match. If you want your hat to have a Paris air about it, look out for styles with high crowns, all

## A Little Hamlet In The Rhineland Is Europe's Jewellery Centre

By A Special Correspondent

Munich. A HAMLET tucked in the red clay hills of the Rhineland - Palatinat has learned that designing smarter women's accessory jewellery is a quicker way to get rich than building the proverbial better mousetrap. It is the hamlet of Idar-Oberstein.

This summer, fashion designers from all over the world have been trekking to

this quaint jewellery centre to see what the Idar-Oberstein craftsmen have been up to.

For centuries the river waters tumbling through the hills surrounding Idar-Oberstein have pushed huge stones before them. These stones have been used to polish semi-precious jewels.

And the sensitive fingers of the Rhineland craftsmen here, traditional designers and makers of costume jewellery for Europe's aristocrats, have made Idar-Oberstein a byword in the realm of fashion.

One of the best-known manufacturers of fancy jewellery is Max Keller. More than two hundred employees work with brass and bronze, semi-precious stones and imitation stones, leather and lace.

## LIKE FAIRYLAND

The factory in action looks like a corner of fairyland. Sparkling jewels on one table are surrounded by metal and leather in gold, silver and red. Across the room you may see a white-haired man weaving silver wires into intricate shapes for millinery.

Keller believes that any costume can be improved by the right touch of jewellery, and he makes his living by this theory.

"Jewellery means femininity," he says, "and more important than its cost is its appropriateness."

From Keller's work-benches to shops around the world stream trinkets like rings, necklaces, bracelets, earrings, brooches and a wide range of masculine items like cuff links, tie-clips and watch chains. But why do fashion artists from London, Paris, Berlin and New York visit this insignificant little hamlet of Idar-Oberstein—insignificant that is in size?

## MATERIALS

The reason is that they want to utilize Keller's talents in finding out just the right thing to accentuate a design. Idar is always bubbling in the rooms where Max Keller's wife and her staff of co-designers work on next year's ladies' wear.

Incidentally, the old saying that "the tail wags the dog" can sometimes be true. More than once a fashion artist visiting Idar-Oberstein has been inspired to make a new blouse or suit to match a special piece of jewellery.

At least once a week a new substance is tried out for modern jewellery. Materials now in use include bamboo, plastics, cork, sea shell, and leather along with traditional metals. If a new element is ever found, Keller will undoubtedly find a way to fashion it into something beautiful for a woman.

Keller does not stop at jewellery, but also lends his factory and creative work to fashioning frames for ladies' handbags in exclusive form.

## Tunic By Balenciaga



A tunic made of heavy, coloured wool by Balenciaga.—Agence France-Presse.

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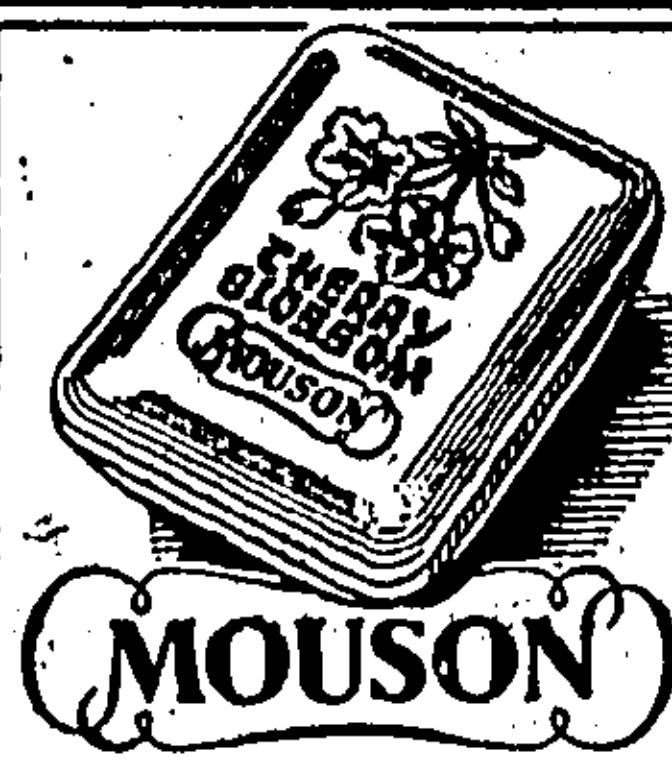
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## New High Waistline



This Balenciaga creation of black wool features an unusually high waistline from which flows gathered folds, puffed at the hips.—Agence France-Presse.

## Patou Bridal Gown



A bridal gown of white moire fashioned on the new line of Jean Patou's Autumn-Winter Collection.—Agence France-Presse.

## SUNDAY EXPRESS

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Here it is . . . the book that gives complete information on the care of the baby and small child from the prenatal period through to the sixth year . . . detailed advice on Routines, Moods, Recipes, Training, First Aid . . . Complete Record Section from Birth to the twelfth Year.

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LEFT: Both adult and children's tastes were catered for at the Jaycee fun fair, held at Murray Parade Ground last Sunday. Rifle shoots, donkey rides and numerous other games delighted the hearts of both the young in age and young in spirit. A popular feature was the traffic sign quiz, provided by the Police Department, which Lt.-Gen. Sir Cecil Sugden is seen trying out above. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mr and Mrs Alex Lam cutting their wedding cake at the Peninsula Hotel reception following the nuptial ceremony at the Stirling Baptist Church last Saturday. The bride was Miss Amy Liang. (Mainland)



NEW Guiders being enrolled before Mrs A. Hooton, Acting Colony Commissioner for Girl Guides, and Miss B. E. Moses, Divisional Commissioner for Kowloon. The ceremony was held at the Jockey Club Hut, Gascoigne Road. Right: One of the new Guiders, Miss Chiu King-fook, of Shataukok, shaking hands with Lady Grantham, President of the Girl Guides Association. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: At the Royal Hongkong Defence Force prizegiving for winners of rifle shooting competitions. P/O L. N. Bux (HKRNVR), who won the Hong Kong Women's Volunteer Forces championship, receiving her prize from Lt.-Col O. F. Newton Dunn, Acting Commandant. (Staff Photographer)



THE Rev. Eric Hague, who was last week inducted as Vicar of St Andrew's Church, seen with Mrs Hague and Mr Eric Young at the tea party following the induction ceremony. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs Robert Beecham, who were married at the Union Church, Kennedy Road. The bride, formerly Miss Jane McKenzie, is cultural affairs officer for the United States Information Office in Hongkong. Mr Beecham is an information officer with USIS in Tokyo.

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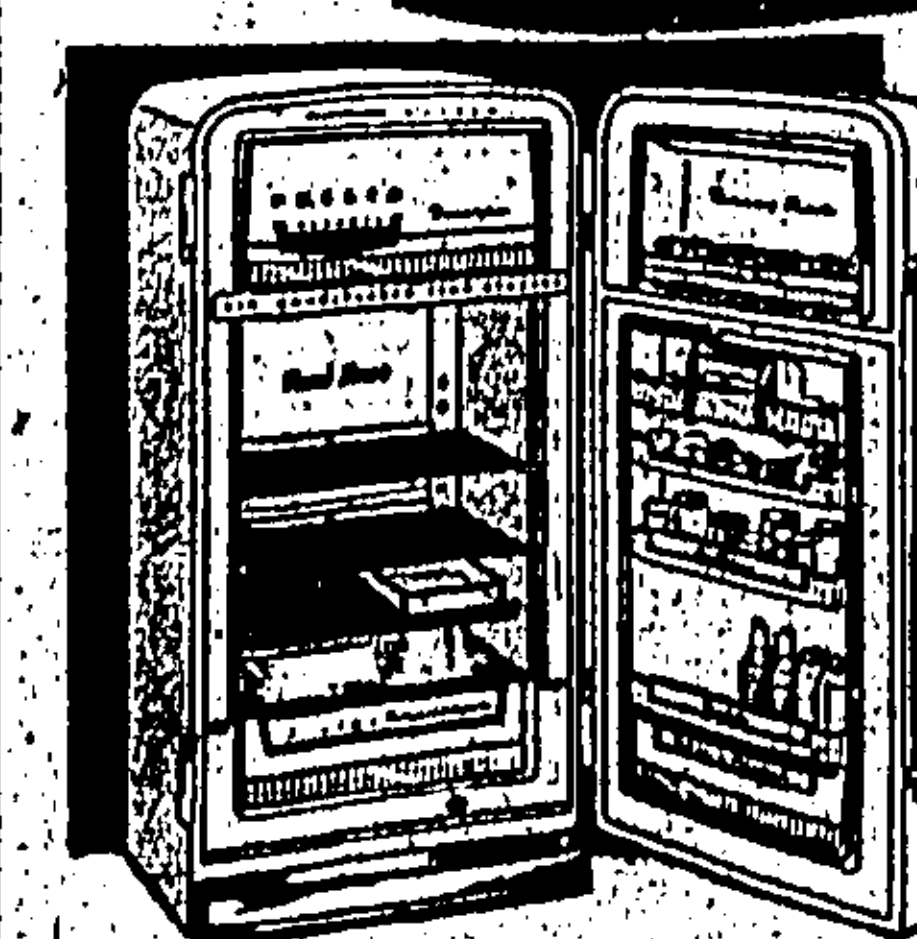
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CHEUNG CHAU island has had a piped water supply since last week. Mr John Forbes, Deputy Director of Public Works (below), is seen addressing the elders and guests who attended the ceremony of turning on the first tap. (Staff Photographer)



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THE Consul-General for Brazil and Mrs Josias Carneiro Leao gave a reception at the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday to mark Brazil's National Day. Above: Mr and Mrs Leao and Mr W. S. Lobato, Vice-Consul, greeting Mr and Mrs Lawrence Kadoorie. Right: The Hon. Kwok Chan chatting with Mr and Mrs. N. T. Assomull at the party. (Staff Photographer)



MR Spyros P. Skouras (left), President of the 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation, was feted at luncheon at the Peninsula Hotel on Wednesday. He is here seen with Mr and Mrs Sverre M. Backe. (Staff Photographer)



AFTER the ceremony of naming two diesel electric locomotives of the Kowloon-Canton Railway on Monday, His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, is seen in the cab of one of the engines, which he drove a short distance. Right: Little Chaung Yu-mo and Miss Low Yuk-tam, who presented the keys, interviewed by Radio Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Mr B. P. Adarkar, Commissioner for India, speaking at the dinner given in his honour by Kowloon Indian merchants at the India Club. (Staff Photographer)



WEDDING at the Registry last Saturday of Mr Wong Chung-hong and Miss Frances Cheung Fun-choo. Mr Wong is a lecturer at the Hong-kong University. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Flanked by his parents, Mr and Mrs A. J. Cottonach, little James Cottonach blows out the candles on the cake at his birthday party last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr David John Lyttle (centre), who has just been appointed Acting Controller of Broadcasting, at the cocktail party given by Rediffusion to welcome him. (Staff Photographer)

THE laying on of hands at the ordination of five new preachers at the Assembly of God, Argyle Street. (Staff Photographer)



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THREE popular residents left Hongkong by the German liner Hannover on Thursday. Mr William G. Long (third from left above, seated), of the Standard-Vacuum Oil Company, sailed with Mrs Long (fourth from left) on transfer to Singapore. Left: Mrs Jane Brooks, wife of the former Acting Controller of Broadcasting, left with her son, Jonathan, for Southampton. The Misses Allen and Doris Woods were there to see them off. (Staff Photographer)

THE DENBIGHSHIRE BROUGHT US  
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# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



## Dublin's Colleen Couturier

Drawing inspiration from Ireland's age-old crafts, Sybil Connolly is fast establishing Dublin as one of the world's fashion capitals. From the looms in white-washed cottages springs the story of Irish couture.

By Dudley Birks

WOOL cloths woven by hand in the centuries-old cottages of Eire have been raised to couture status in America and other countries by a young woman who, until four years ago, was an unknown buyer in a Dublin store. Her name is Sybil Connolly and her phenomenal success as an international couturier is probably as bewildering to her as it is to her friends. Ironically, Miss Connolly had no ambitions to be a designer, although she had studied for two years in London.

Her first collection was born but not without difficulty. For instance there was a last-minute rush to make the garments, for the cottage weavers had left their looms to gather turf from the fields; the cloth arrived late and moreover, was soiled both by peat fumes and in transit by donkey cart to Dublin. In spite of these difficulties, Miss Connolly's first collection gained favourable comment in the Press.

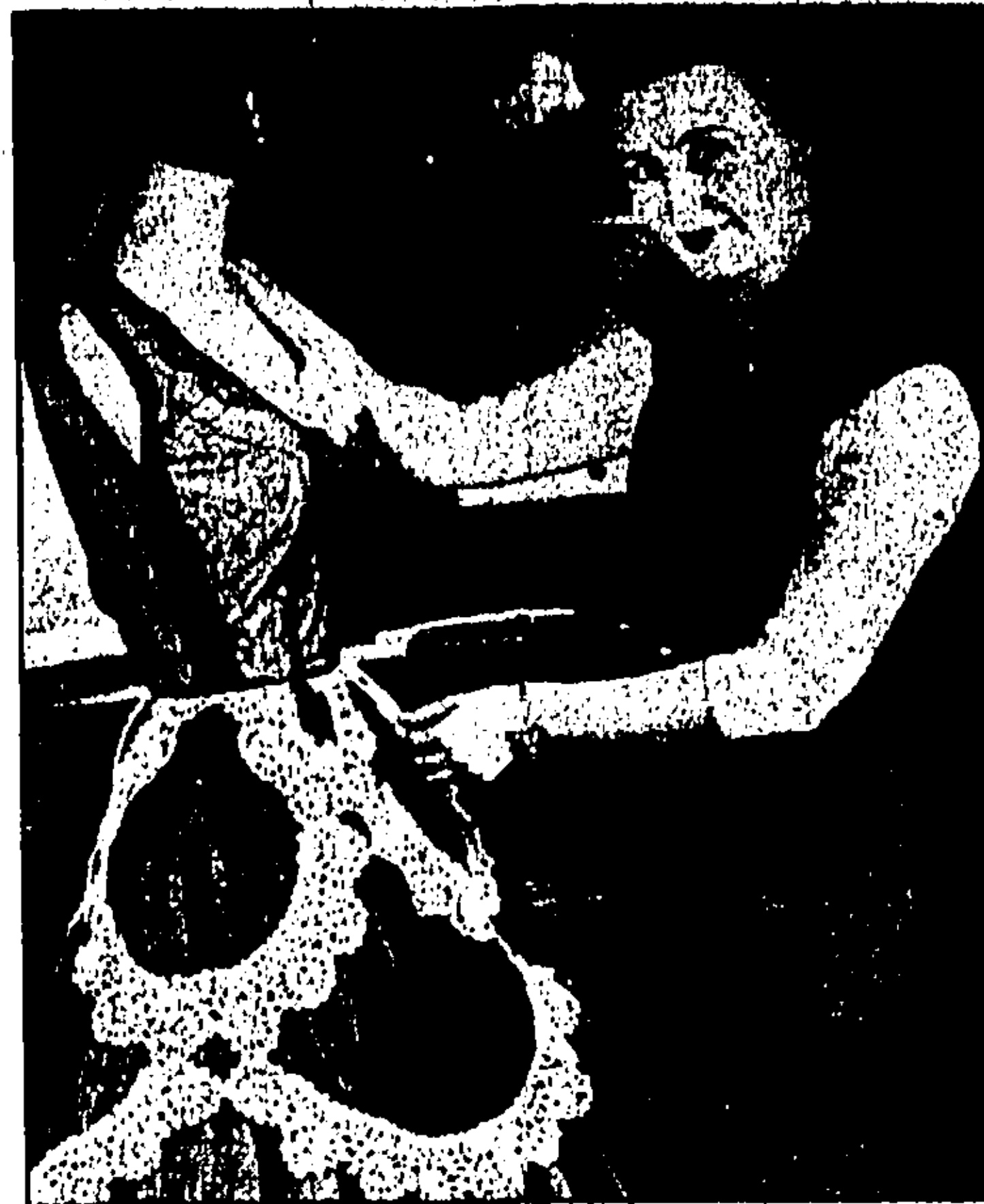
There was, however, more than mere chance attached to Miss Connolly's sudden fame, for she combines with her natural beauty—some would call her a true Irish colleen although she was born in Wales to the Welsh wife of an Irishman—a good business mind, a spirit of enterprise, skill, and an imagination which makes her outstanding as a fashion designer.

The Philadelphia Fashion Group's meeting and a tempting invitation from Miss Connolly to American buyers were the next stages in her designing career. The invitation was for the buyers to break a forthcoming journey to Paris by visiting Dublin during Horse Show Week to see her latest collection. The fact that she was using a castle as the setting for the collection was an added attraction.

Staging this more as a cabaret than a collection, it never occurred to her that the visitors would "buy". But buy they did. The scene was like a noisy bargain basement. The function started at 8 p.m. and at 3 a.m. the next day the Americans were still buying.

### Hailed By The Press

Presented in the picturesque grand hall of an ancient castle—a ready-made setting for a range of garments based on traditional Irish styles—this collection delighted the buyers so much that one executive returned to America and spoke to the head of his firm about Miss Connolly. The outcome astonished even the naturally optimistic Miss Connolly: she was invited to present a spring collection in Philadelphia in 1953. This proved a tremendous success. The store bought the whole collection and Miss Connolly was hailed by the Press as a new fashion leader. Closely following this she



Europe's newest couturier, Sybil Connolly has brought fame to Dublin as one of the world's fashion centres.

showed other collections in Boston and Montreal. Comprising models in Irish tweeds and bairns (pronounced bawnen), her collections were seen by prominent people in the fashion world and were sold many times over. Different stores called for her models and Sybil Connolly became a big name in American and Canadian fashion.

To some extent the secret of her brilliant achievements is her great personal belief in wool. Many people use wool, but, as in so many walks of life, it is the way the raw material is used that counts. As she tells her friends: "We use wool a lot in Ireland in the form of tweeds; also worsteds and fine wools for evening wear. A lot of my boutique stuff is wool, too, and I am trying to do the printed wool for shirt blouses. 'In my country the weather is so bad that we used wool about 80 percent of the time. It would be silly for me to compete with Continental houses; I just try to produce the clothes which are typical of Ireland

woven by Aran fishermen, a Donegal tweed garment, an exquisite gown embroidered with lace made by the nuns of Carrickmacross, or perhaps a red flannel quilted skirt and Irish wool shawl—the traditional clothes of that great character, the Irish washer-woman. These and other garments, which brilliantly combine haute couture with the practical needs of modern life are the clothes which have brought her distinction. Her usual, happy reaction is to exclaim in a lilting Irish brogue, "Such a carry-on!"

Her gift for the creation of modern fashions from traditional Irish clothes is further illustrated by the magnificence of her fine evening cloaks. These are based on the black barathra capes worn by the married women of Kinsale, County Cork. It is natural that she should call her versions Kinsale capes.

### All Hand-Finished

Suitable for, and well within the price range of, most women, her models also reflect the colourful landscapes of what is known as the Emerald Isle. With soft greens, purples, blues and greys, she captures the very atmosphere of Old Erin.

All her models are finished, if not entirely made, by hand. Her Irish seamstresses do work in the lavish embroidery with which she loves to decorate her exquisite evening gowns. All the girls in the workroom are Irish, and most of them live in Dublin. They come as apprentices in their teens.

Since her first successes, she has staged collections in many parts of the United States and Canada and in Australia, too. These models are worn by her own mannequins, led by her beautiful sister, Judy. Both sisters admit that they always find it difficult to part with garments—they would like to keep them all for themselves!

### Unique Models

More recently Miss Connolly, who is thirty-four, has entered the realm of men's wear, too. Her work in this sphere began at Dunsany Castle, the Irish home of Lord Dunsany. During a visit to the castle she wore an off-white Irish tweed dress in the style of a monk's habit. She was asked by another guest if she could make a man's dressing gown on the same lines. This she did, and it proved so successful that she now plans collections of men's garments as well.

Miss Connolly, the once reluctant designer, has now settled down to the work for which she is so admirably suited. Her models have lifted her name from obscurity to a list shared by the select few who create the world's fashions. Moreover, Sybil Connolly's models are unique. They come from the heart of romantic Ireland—straight from the cottage to couture.



## A SUMMER BLOUSE WITH TUCKED BIB

**Materials:** 6 ozs. Sirdar Majestic 2-ply wool. 1 pair No. 12 knitting needles. 6 small buttons. 1 pair No. 14 needles for collar and front edges, only.

**Measurements:** Width all round at underarm to fit a 34" bust. Length from top of shoulder to lower edge, before hemming: 21". Length of sleeve seam, before hemming: 4½".

**Tension:** 8 sts. to 1".

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; st. st, stocking stitch; tog, together; rep, repeat; beg, beginning; inc, increase; dec, decrease.

**THE LEFT FRONT BIB**  
Cast on 30 sts. and commencing with a k. row, work 7 rows st. st.  
8th row: P. each st. tog. with the loop from behind the corresponding st. 4 rows back, thus making a small tuck on the right side.  
9th row: Cast on 4, k. to the end.  
10th row: Purl.  
11th and 12th rows: As the 9th and 10th rows.  
Work 3 rows st. st. without shaping.  
13th row: As the 8th row.  
14th row: Knit.  
15th row: Purl.  
16th row: Cast on 4, k. to the end.  
17th row: As the 8th row.  
18th row: Work a tuck.  
19th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
20th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
21st row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
22nd row: Work a tuck.  
23rd row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
24th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
25th and 26th rows: As the 23rd and 24th rows.  
27th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
28th row: Work a tuck.  
29th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
30th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
31st and 32nd rows: As the 29th and 30th rows.  
33rd row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
34th row: Work a tuck.  
35th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
36th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
37th and 38th rows: As the 35th and 36th rows.  
39th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
40th row: Work a tuck.  
41st row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
42nd row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
43rd and 44th rows: As the 41st and 42nd rows.  
45th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
46th row: Work a tuck.  
47th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
48th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
49th and 50th rows: As the 47th and 48th rows.  
51st row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
52nd row: Work a tuck.  
53rd row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
54th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
55th and 56th rows: As the 53rd and 54th rows.  
57th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
58th row: Work a tuck.  
59th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
60th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
61st and 62nd rows: As the 59th and 60th rows.  
63rd row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
64th row: Work a tuck.  
65th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
66th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
67th and 68th rows: As the 65th and 66th rows.  
69th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
70th row: Work a tuck.  
71st row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
72nd row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
73rd and 74th rows: As the 71st and 72nd rows.  
75th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
76th row: Work a tuck.  
77th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
78th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
79th and 80th rows: As the 77th and 78th rows.  
81st row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
82nd row: Work a tuck.  
83rd row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
84th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
85th and 86th rows: As the 83rd and 84th rows.  
87th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
88th row: Work a tuck.  
89th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
90th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
91st and 92nd rows: As the 89th and 90th rows.  
93rd row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
94th row: Work a tuck.  
95th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
96th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
97th and 98th rows: As the 95th and 96th rows.  
99th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
100th row: Work a tuck.  
101st row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
102nd row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
103rd and 104th rows: As the 101st and 102nd rows.  
105th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
106th row: Work a tuck.  
107th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
108th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
109th and 110th rows: As the 107th and 108th rows.  
111th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
112th row: Work a tuck.  
113th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
114th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
115th and 116th rows: As the 113th and 114th rows.  
117th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
118th row: Work a tuck.  
119th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
120th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
121st and 122nd rows: As the 119th and 120th rows.  
123rd row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
124th row: Work a tuck.  
125th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
126th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
127th and 128th rows: As the 125th and 126th rows.  
129th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
130th row: Work a tuck.  
131st row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
132nd row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
133rd and 134th rows: As the 131st and 132nd rows.  
135th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
136th row: Work a tuck.  
137th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
138th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
139th and 140th rows: As the 137th and 138th rows.  
141st row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
142nd row: Work a tuck.  
143rd row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
144th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
145th and 146th rows: As the 143th and 144th rows.  
147th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
148th row: Work a tuck.  
149th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
150th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
151st and 152nd rows: As the 149th and 150th rows.  
153rd row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
154th row: Work a tuck.  
155th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
156th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
157th and 158th rows: As the 155th and 156th rows.  
159th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
160th row: Work a tuck.  
161st row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
162nd row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
163rd and 164th rows: As the 161st and 162nd rows.  
165th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
166th row: Work a tuck.  
167th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
168th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
169th and 170th rows: As the 167th and 168th rows.  
171st row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
172nd row: Work a tuck.  
173rd row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
174th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
175th and 176th rows: As the 173th and 174th rows.  
177th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
178th row: Work a tuck.  
179th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
180th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
181st and 182nd rows: As the 179th and 180th rows.  
183rd row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
184th row: Work a tuck.  
185th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
186th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
187th and 188th rows: As the 185th and 186th rows.  
189th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
190th row: Work a tuck.  
191st row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
192nd row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
193rd and 194th rows: As the 191st and 192nd rows.  
195th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
196th row: Work a tuck.  
197th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
198th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
199th and 200th rows: As the 197th and 198th rows.

**THE FRONT**  
Using 2 needles, and NOT the thumb method, cast on 130 sts. Work in st. st. for 4", then continue in st. st. and inc. at both ends of the next and every 4th row following until there are 154 sts. Purl 1 row.  
Next row: K. 43, slip these sts. to a st. holder and leave for the present, cast off 66, k. to the end.  
Next row: P. 43.  
Next row: Knit.  
Next row: Purl.  
Next row: Cast off 4, k. to the last st, inc. in the last.  
Next row: Purl.  
Next row: Cast off 4, k. to the end.  
Work 3 rows without shaping.  
Rep. the last 4 rows twice, increasing at the end of the 1st and 7th, thus keeping the continuity of the side shaping. (30 sts.) Keeping the centre edge straight, continue to inc. at the side edge of every 4th row until there are 84 sts. Work Back to front edge.  
Shape side dart: 1st row: K. to the last 6, turn.  
2nd and each alternate row: Purl.  
3rd row: K. to the last 12, turn.  
5th row: K. to the last 18, turn.  
7th row: K. to the last 24, turn.  
9th row: K. across all sts.  
Continue without further shaping until the side measures 18" from commencement, finishing at the side edge.  
Shape the armhole: Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next row, then k. 2 tog. at the side edge of every alternate row following until 18 sts. remain. Continue without further shaping until the armhole measures 7½" straight from commencement, finishing at the side edge.  
Shape the shoulder: Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next row, and the alternate row following. Slip the sts. from the st. holder to a needle, rejoin in the wool and work opposite side exactly to correspond.

**THE RIGHT FRONT BIB**  
Cast on 30 sts. and work the first 8 rows as for the left front.  
9th row: Knit.  
10th row: Cast on 4, p. to the end.  
11th and 12th rows: As the 9th and 10th rows.  
Work 3 rows without shaping.  
13th row: As the 8th row.  
14th row: Knit.  
15th row: Purl.  
16th row: Cast on 4, p. to the end.  
17th row: As the 8th row.  
18th row: Work a tuck.  
19th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
20th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
21st row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
22nd row: Work a tuck.  
23rd row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
24th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
25th and 26th rows: As the 23rd and 24th rows.  
27th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
28th row: Work a tuck.  
29th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
30th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
31st and 32nd rows: As the 29th and 30th rows.  
33rd row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
34th row: Work a tuck.  
35th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
36th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
37th and 38th rows: As the 35th and 36th rows.  
39th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
40th row: Work a tuck.  
41st row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
42nd row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
43rd and 44th rows: As the 41st and 42nd rows.  
45th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
46th row: Work a tuck.  
47th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
48th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
49th and 50th rows: As the 47th and 48th rows.  
51st row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
52nd row: Work a tuck.  
53rd row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
54th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
55th and 56th rows: As the 53rd and 54th rows.  
57th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
58th row: Work a tuck.  
59th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
60th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
61st and 62nd rows: As the 59th and 60th rows.  
63rd row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
64th row: Work a tuck.  
65th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
66th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
67th and 68th rows: As the 65th and 66th rows.  
69th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
70th row: Work a tuck.  
71st row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
72nd row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
73rd and 74th rows: As the 71st and 72nd rows.  
75th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
76th row: Work a tuck.  
77th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
78th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
79th and 80th rows: As the 77th and 78th rows.  
81st row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
82nd row: Work a tuck.  
83rd row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
84th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
85th and 86th rows: As the 83rd and 84th rows.  
87th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
88th row: Work a tuck.  
89th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
90th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
91st and 92nd rows: As the 89th and 90th rows.  
93rd row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
94th row: Work a tuck.  
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99th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
100th row: Work a tuck.  
101st row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
102nd row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
103rd and 104th rows: As the 101st and 102nd rows.  
105th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
106th row: Work a tuck.  
107th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
108th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
109th and 110th rows: As the 107th and 108th rows.  
111th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
112th row: Work a tuck.  
113th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
114th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
115th and 116th rows: As the 113th and 114th rows.  
117th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
118th row: Work a tuck.  
119th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
120th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
121st and 122nd rows: As the 119th and 120th rows.  
123rd row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
124th row: Work a tuck.  
125th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
126th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
127th and 128th rows: As the 125th and 126th rows.  
129th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
130th row: Work a tuck.  
131st row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
132nd row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
133rd and 134th rows: As the 131st and 132nd rows.  
135th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
136th row: Work a tuck.  
137th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
138th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
139th and 140th rows: As the 137th and 138th rows.  
141st row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
142nd row: Work a tuck.  
143rd row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
144th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
145th and 146th rows: As the 143th and 144th rows.  
147th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
148th row: Work a tuck.  
149th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
150th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
151st and 152nd rows: As the 149th and 150th rows.  
153rd row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
154th row: Work a tuck.  
155th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
156th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
157th and 158th rows: As the 155th and 156th rows.  
159th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
160th row: Work a tuck.  
161st row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
162nd row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
163rd and 164th rows: As the 161st and 162nd rows.  
165th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
166th row: Work a tuck.  
167th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
168th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
169th and 170th rows: As the 167th and 168th rows.  
171st row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
172nd row: Work a tuck.  
173rd row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
174th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
175th and 176th rows: As the 173th and 174th rows.  
177th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
178th row: Work a tuck.  
179th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
180th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
181st and 182nd rows: As the 179th and 180th rows.  
183rd row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
184th row: Work a tuck.  
185th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
186th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
187th and 188th rows: As the 185th and 186th rows.  
189th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
190th row: Work a tuck.  
191st row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
192nd row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
193rd and 194th rows: As the 191st and 192nd rows.  
195th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
196th row: Work a tuck.  
197th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
198th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
199th and 200th rows: As the 197th and 198th rows.

**THE SLEEVES**  
Using 2 needles, cast on 100 sts. and work in st. st. for 2". Continue in st. st. and inc. at both ends of the next and every 4th row following until there are 124 sts. Continue without further shaping until work measures 4½" from commencement.

**THE FRONT EDGES**  
Left: Using No. 14 needles, cast on 20 sts. and work in st. st. until strip exactly fits the long edge of the tucked bib. Cast off.  
Right: Using No. 14 needles, cast on 20 sts. and work in st. st. for 1½". Make the first buttonhole as follows:  
1st row: K. 3, cast off 3, k. 6, cast off 3, k. to the end.  
2nd row: P. 5, cast on 3, p. 6, cast on 3, p. to the end.  
Continue to match the left front edge, making 5 more buttonholes, equal distances apart. Cast off.  
The Collar: Using No. 14 needles, cast on 130 sts. Proceed in st. st. and inc. at both ends of every 4th row until there are 150. Work 4 rows and then dec. at both ends of the next and every 4th row following until 130 sts. remain. Work 3 rows and cast off.

**TO MAKE UP**  
Press all parts well, using a hot iron over a damp cloth on the wrong side of the work. Lay the front edges, right sides downwards, on a flat surface. Fold the collar lengthwise, with the wrong side outwards. Stitch the two open ends, making neat matching points. Turn right side out, press well, and attach to the neck edge of the blouse. Turn up and hem, the lower edge of the blouse, also the lower edge of the sleeves, to the required depth. Press on the wrong side. Attach the buttons, to correspond with the buttonholes.

**THE BACK**  
Using 2 needles, cast on 130 sts. and proceed in st. st. for 4". Continue in st. st. and inc. at both ends of the next and every 4th row following until there are 150 sts. Continue without further shaping until the side edge measures as the fronts to the armholes.  
Shape the armholes: Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next row, and the alternate row following. Slip the sts. from the st. holder to a needle, rejoin in the wool and work opposite side exactly to correspond.

**THE RIGHT FRONT BIB**  
Cast on 30 sts. and work the first 8 rows as for the left front.  
9th row: Knit.  
10th row: Cast on 4, p. to the end.  
11th and 12th rows: As the 9th and 10th rows.  
Work 3 rows without shaping.  
13th row: As the 8th row.  
14th row: Knit.  
15th row: Purl.  
16th row: Cast on 4, p. to the end.  
17th row: As the 8th row.  
18th row: Work a tuck.  
19th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
20th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
21st row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
22nd row: Work a tuck.  
23rd row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
24th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
25th and 26th rows: As the 23rd and 24th rows.  
27th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
28th row: Work a tuck.  
29th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
30th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
31st and 32nd rows: As the 29th and 30th rows.  
33rd row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
34th row: Work a tuck.  
35th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
36th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
37th and 38th rows: As the 35th and 36th rows.  
39th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
40th row: Work a tuck.  
41st row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
42nd row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
43rd and 44th rows: As the 41st and 42nd rows.  
45th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
46th row: Work a tuck.  
47th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
48th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
49th and 50th rows: As the 47th and 48th rows.  
51st row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
52nd row: Work a tuck.  
53rd row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
54th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
55th and 56th rows: As the 53rd and 54th rows.  
57th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
58th row: Work a tuck.  
59th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
60th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
61st and 62nd rows: As the 59th and 60th rows.  
63rd row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
64th row: Work a tuck.  
65th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
66th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
67th and 68th rows: As the 65th and 66th rows.  
69th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
70th row: Work a tuck.  
71st row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
72nd row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
73rd and 74th rows: As the 71st and 72nd rows.  
75th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
76th row: Work a tuck.  
77th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
78th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
79th and 80th rows: As the 77th and 78th rows.  
81st row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
82nd row: Work a tuck.  
83rd row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
84th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
85th and 86th rows: As the 83rd and 84th rows.  
87th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
88th row: Work a tuck.  
89th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
90th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
91st and 92nd rows: As the 89th and 90th rows.  
93rd row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
94th row: Work a tuck.  
95th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
96th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
97th and 98th rows: As the 95th and 96th rows.  
99th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
100th row: Work a tuck.  
101st row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
102nd row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
103rd and 104th rows: As the 101st and 102nd rows.  
105th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
106th row: Work a tuck.  
107th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
108th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
109th and 110th rows: As the 107th and 108th rows.  
111th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
112th row: Work a tuck.  
113th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
114th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
115th and 116th rows: As the 113th and 114th rows.  
117th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
118th row: Work a tuck.  
119th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
120th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
121st and 122nd rows: As the 119th and 120th rows.  
123rd row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
124th row: Work a tuck.  
125th row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
126th row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
127th and 128th rows: As the 125th and 126th rows.  
129th row: Work 3 rows without shaping.  
130th row: Work a tuck.  
131st row: K. to the last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.  
132nd row: P. 2 tog. p. to the end.  
133rd and 134th rows: As the 13



## GERMANY WANTS TO BE WEAK IN NATO

By James Wickenden

WESTERN Germans flock to bustling factories through war ruins which still stand. Record outputs and good wages beckon to a bright future.

But the ruins remind them of war's chaos.

Even the four months' old freedom for West Germany does not stir the jackboot fever predicted by some.

Last October, the German Defence Ministry announced 140,000 applications from volunteers to join the armed forces. Three weeks ago the figure had reached 150,000—an increase of only 10,000 in about a year.

Out of this grand total nearly a fifth want to join non-combat units. A half of the rest are probably unfit for strenuous work, says the Defence Ministry, and will be rejected.

As in Japan, the wound of war has gone deep into the German soul. The H-bomb may have affected the Big Powers in their search for peace. But the countries who most sense its doom are the defeated—Germany and Japan.

### BLACK MUSHROOMS

They picture their countries churned and destroyed in the role of battlefields between the Great Powers. To Germans this is a certain prospect in war.

While the rest of Europe pinned itself beneath bright parasols on pleasure beaches this summer, the Germans watched a massive NATO military exercise "Carte Blanche."

Instead of the parasols their vision filled with the black mushrooms of over 250 atom bombs supposed to have been hurled on their cities and fields to halt the enemy.

The result, in reality, would be the obliteration of themselves and the future of their country. Such thoughts strengthen the new strategy whispered among the remnants of Germany's strategists.

Let the West withdraw its forces, they say, to west of the Rhine. For proposing this—with ingenious reasons—Colonel Von Bonin was dismissed from the West German Defence Ministry a few months ago.

### WATERED DOWN

Although officially disgraced, Bonin spoke for most people in West Germany outside the Adenauer administration, which promised 12 divisions of NATO in exchange for sovereignty.

The government also promised to prevent a resurgence of Nazism in the recruiting drive for the 12 divisions. They attempted to do so by "democratising" the armed forces.

The so-called High Command, fired by Prussian ideals, which drove Germany's past war machines, was taboo. Like the Japanese Bushido warrior code, it was to be watered down to a staid patriotism. The military machine was to be controlled severely by plain-clothed civil servants.

The result of this collective NATO policy has been to remove the glamour of a purely nationalist German army career. Its effect is shown in the recruiting figures.

Also, the youth of Germany know that wages in industry will be higher than in the new forces. The effect of all these things has been to emasculate the German military spirit—for the time being at any rate. No doubt this was a consciously sought goal by NATO Powers, but one which carries with it an inevitable result—the West will not find a strong ally in West Germany as its commanders hoped.

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"I GOTTA NORSE!"

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## MEN PLAYING WITH DYNAMITE . . . by GEORGE GALE

**"L**ICENCED TO KILL." That is the headline across a recent issue of the broadsheet which proclaims the official policy of the Irish Republican Army.

"That headline did not mean that the I.R.A. was licensed to kill. It meant that the I.R.A. thinks that the reserve police of Northern Ireland are licensed to kill."

But make no mistake about it. The I.R.A. also thinks that it is licensed to kill.

Study this also from an I.R.A. broadsheet: "An essential tenet of that doctrine" ("the gospel of Irish nationalism") "was the acceptance of force as the truly manly and necessary means of attaining and preserving the nation's freedom."

"Recently politicians denounced force. Such denunciation is the negation of manhood and an invitation to eternal servitude."

"Only men in arms are respected. Men in arms alone win freedom. And only as long as they remain armed do they deserve it."

"Original sin has ordained it so."

### The traders

THESE are the words of someone calling himself M. O. Cinnide. They are the words of a man who worships violence. They are the words of a dedicated man.

I wanted to find out what manner of people they are in the I.R.A. how strong they are, and what the ordinary Irish think of them.

I went to the recruiting office of the I.R.A. in Dublin. The address is imposing: Sean Treacy House, Sean Treacy Street.

But there is no Sean Treacy Street. It is called Talbot Street, because the mail-order traders there did not want the name altered to commemorate Treacy, who was killed fighting the British in 1916. The traders did not object to Treacy, but did not want to lose business.

The office is up a rickety flight of stairs above a men's outfitters.

I knocked on a door and went into a mean little room. There was a long trestle table, some box files, a map of Ireland covered with pins, and a brown dog on the floor.

Two men were in the room. One, about 40, with wiry ginger hair, an open-necked

shirt and only a slight Irish accent, said: "It is the policy of the Council of the I.R.A. not to talk to anyone. If you want to know our policy, it's in the United Irishman."

"If you want to write about us, follow the example of all the other journalists that come to Dublin and use your imagination."

He spoke to the other man in the room, with long black hair: "Give him some recent issues of the paper."

### The poster

I WAS handed some copies. I looked round at the map. There was no pattern of pins. They covered the country indiscriminately. A poster on the table said: "Join the I.R.A."

"Are you Rossa O Broin?" I said. Rossa O Broin is one of the names of the recruiting officer for Dublin. "No," he said. "Who are you?" I asked. "I am not going to tell you," he said.

I described him to some Dubliners. "It sounds like the man who signs himself Diarmid MacDiarmada, adjutant-general of the I.R.A." said one.

No one knows in Dublin who runs the I.R.A.; who is in it. No one wants to know. The I.R.A. is an illegal organisation in Eire. But it openly recruits.

In the Wicklow Mountains, and over in Galway, it runs training camps and calls them holiday camps. It publishes its propaganda without hindrance. Up to six months ago the police here used to tell Scotland Yard everything they knew. Now there is a strong suspicion that information is withheld.

### The promise

THE I.R.A. runs its own youth organisation on the lines of the Boy Scouts. It is called Flanna Eireann, and its mottoes are: "Purity in our hearts. Truth on our lips. Strength in our arms." There are a couple of cycling clubs which are used to recruit members into the I.R.A. and also provide a handy excuse for cycling all over the country with bulky knapsacks.

Some illegal organisation! But no one dares attack it. The Government here tolerates it. Four years ago, I am told, the I.R.A. secretly supported the Dublin Government and said that the I.R.A. would no longer

attack Irishmen or British civilians, and promised only to attack the British Army—the "army of occupation." They call it. The army which they believe prevents the unification of Ireland into one republic.

Most of Ireland believes that the I.R.A. is licensed to kill, if by killing it wins unification for Ireland.

I asked people their views on this.

"History," said the PROFESSOR, "is on the side of the I.R.A. Everything that Ireland has won it has won by violence. It has won nothing by moderation."

There are probably fewer than a thousand members of the I.R.A. Perhaps 500 or 600. Their leaders are men who were rank-and-file in 1939. Most of the members are in the early twenties. Some are students. Some have been trained in the British Army.

All of them, young and old, educated or not, believe in a dream, a myth, a nightmare that for 700 years the people of Ireland have been yearning in their bellies for freedom.

No one in Ireland thinks these men are criminals. "Fools, damned fools, they are," said the DOCTOR. "But you aren't going to get me calling them bad men."

"Why should we bother with the I.R.A.?" said the

### BOBBY

It is along towards 10.30 in the morning, and I am sitting in a sixth-floor bedroom of that hotel near Marble Arch, putting a large number of questions to this Nino, who is lying in bed wearing blue pyjamas and reading a Cuban magazine, and getting all the answers from Bobby (the Body-Builder) Gleason, on account of Nino can speak no English and Bobby can speak enough for several.

Nino is a very impressive hunk of material, even while lying in bed, his shoulders stretching from here to there, and giving a general impression that if you wanted to make un-couch remarks in Spanish to anyone late at night in a poorly-lit alley, Nino would not be the guy you should choose.

First of all, about the white trunks which Nino wants to wear when he fights Cockell and the British authorities don't want him to, and Bobby the Body-Builder explains that the priest back in Havana tells Nino

that when he enters the ring he is likely to harbour black thoughts against the opposition and should try to keep his heart white, and wearing white trunks will help.

"Personally," goes on Bobby, "I think it's just a lot of the old ack-ack-ack, and so long as the guy gets paid and better still wins as well as getting paid, he can go in there wearing a kilt or nothing at all and it don't hurt my feelings any."

This Nino looks very cool and relaxed, and Bobby says he thinks he is too much so, and he often wishes Nino would get real mad and worked up.

Bobby says that when they are in Dortmund, Germany, last year to put the ring on Heinz Neuhaus the local school-children take such a yen to Nino they start following him down the street. "It reminded me of that guy Fye the Piper," explains Bobby.

### The worry

NINO has just finished, four eggs, two plates of cereal and a stack of toast, which is necessary to see him through until dinner, when steaks and other articles of food described by Bobby as "strictly in the high proteins" will be on offer.

It develops that Nino is sleeping good and so is his trainer George (The Eye) Molina, who sleeps right there alongside him in case he is needing a glass of water in the night, but that Bobby is not sleeping so good because he fears Rocky Marciano, the Champ, is somehow

### The tragedy

THE I.R.A. lives under a protective shroud of silence. It flourishes because scarcely anyone wishes or dares to denounce it. . . . for if he did he would be denying the glorious heroes who beat the British.

"The finest young men in Ireland," said the old RACING JESTER (who was once in the I.R.A. but who got married), "are in the I.R.A. That is the tragedy."

There is tension beneath the easy-going surface here. What will the men who are licensed to kill do next?

"God is on our side," said the PRIEST, "As long as they don't kill it will be all right."

But they may kill, and they may get killed or hanged as murderers and turned into martyrs.

I don't think this country here—public, Government, Press, the Church—wants blood spilled. But it does not mind running the risk and letting the white-hot young men play around with dynamite.

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### A RENE MacCOLL SPECIAL

## NINO THE PANTS, as Runyon might have said

NINO

Nino Valdes, the 6 ft. 3 in., 15 st. Cuban contender for the world heavyweight championship, has just arrived in London, accompanied by his Cuban trainer, George Molina, and American manager Bobby Gleason, to fight British champion Don Cockell at the White City on September 13. RENE MacCOLL has recently delighted readers by interviewing the famous authors Raymond Chandler and P. G. Wodehouse in the idiom of their own novels. To interview Valdes—and New Yorker Damon Runyon, Broadway chronicler-in-chief.

quite right because he explains where he was born, which was at Cobleskill, upper New York State, in 1902. He himself fights as a bantam from 1903 to 1912, but this is before the day of considerable cucumbers, and Bobby only drags down 10 or 25 spunkers per fight as his share of the scratch, which is not to be compared with the number of cucumbers which Nino splits with him now, and which permit Nino to wear a nifty gold wrist-watch even while in bed, and a gold medalion of Santa Barbara hanging round his neck.

### The boom

BOBBY runs two separate gymnasiums in New York one for boxers and another for body-building. "So if a guy comes to me," he says, "he can either be a pug and be ugly or he can be beautiful, it's a matter of choice."

But Bobby is not only not sleeping good on account of worrying about the Rock not agreeing to a list-fest, but he has another worry since arriving in London, they having told him they watch closely for low blows in Britain, and Nino's most exalted punch being a left hook to "the solo plexus."

So now Nino is aiming to drop the boom on Cockell by hitting him coarsely upon his head, figuring Cockell will like that the way a debutante likes a red nose.

### The mood

ALTHOUGH we are thinking about Cockell, we are dreaming about breathing, and yearning about Marciano. Bobby assured me, "You could call Marciano our Holy Grail if you were in the mood."

"Ain't that right, kid?" he says to Nino. Nino looks up from his magazine. "Con mucho gusto," he says and yawns. It is the first time he has said a word.

What it means is "With great pleasure," and I am still trying to figure what it is gives him pleasure—hitting Cockell on the head, or calling Marciano his Holy Grail.

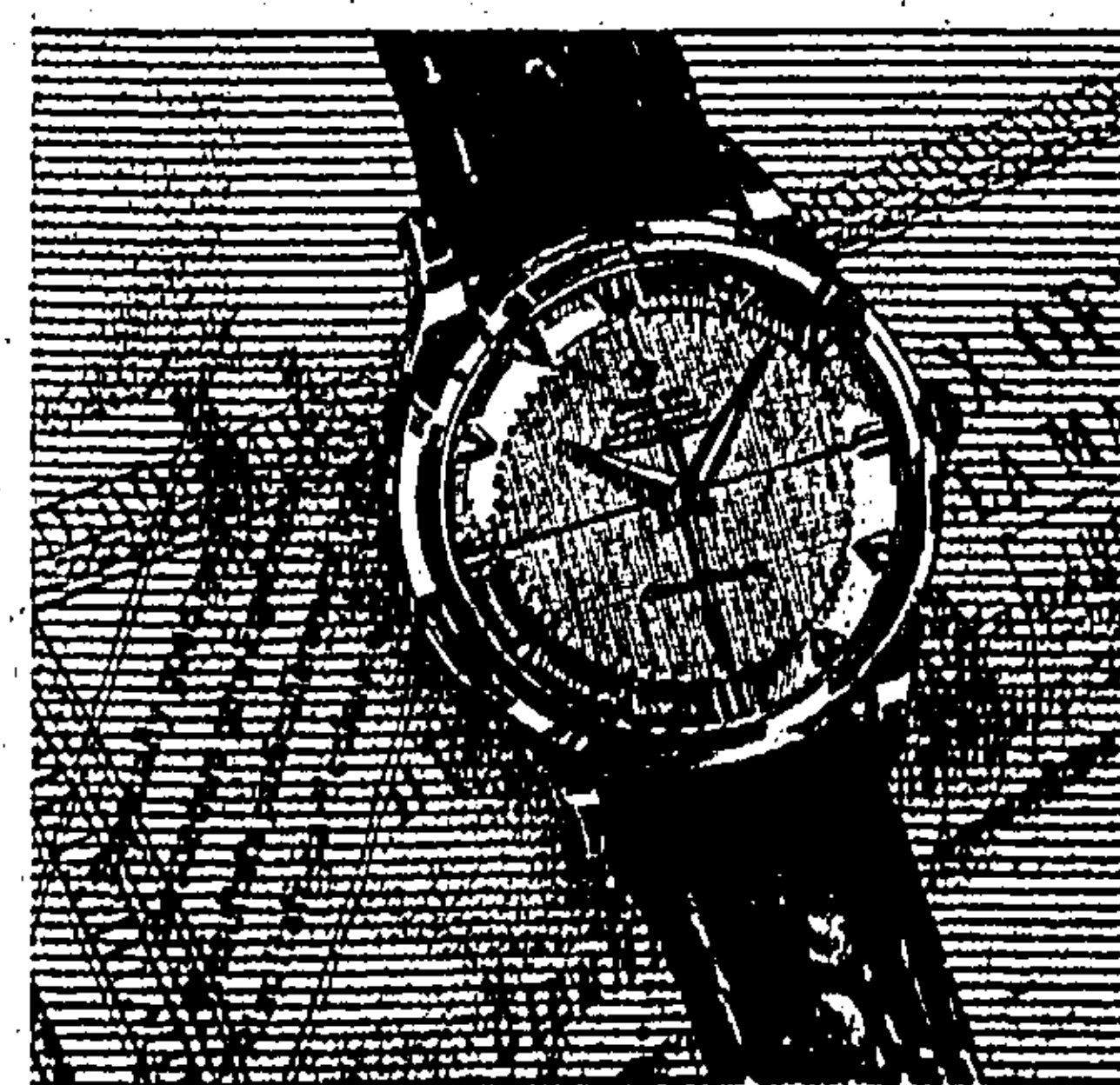
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## What this new self-winding chronometer means to you...

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### SAM WHITE'S PARIS NEWSLETTER

## The Fashion King Buys A Farm

AT 61, Captain Edward Molyneux, MC, former dress designer, is a man who refuses to come to terms with a life of easy retirement.

It is now five years since failing eyesight forced him to give up his famous Paris fashion house. He has spent most of the intervening years in Jamaica perfecting his considerable talent as a painter.

During that time he has exhibited annually in Paris, and each succeeding exhibition has been more successful than its predecessor. He found that as his painting improved, so did his eyesight—that painting was in itself a vitally beneficial treatment for his eyes.

Now Molyneux, a wealthy man (he has an interest in another Paris fashion house and continues to run his prosperous perfume business), has decided that even painting fails as a full-time interest. So he has bought a 10th-century derelict farmhouse on the Riviera between Nice and Antibes which he intends to convert into a flower farm, growing roses and tulips for the exotic Nice flower market.

### A NEW HOBBY

He will spend seven months of the year there growing his flowers and taking them himself to market every day and the rest of the time in his Jamaican home, where he will devote himself to painting.

"I think I am to be envied," he remarked to me when discussing his new project. But Molyneux is doing something more than that. He is, at the same time, demolishing most of the outward aspects of his past life and his phenomenal success as a British designer in Paris in the inter-war years. He is selling his large flat on the Quai d'Orsay, and also selling his famous collection of impressionist paintings.

The collection, which includes 20 Renoirs, from his best period (1872 to 1875), and several Degas, has been sold to an American woman on condition that it will be bequeathed to the Washington Gallery. Molyneux refuses to disclose the name of the buyer or the sum paid for the collection. "I am not sure," he said, "I have sold them." Molyneux told me, "It will give me a new hobby. I shall now begin to collect the works of modern young painters."



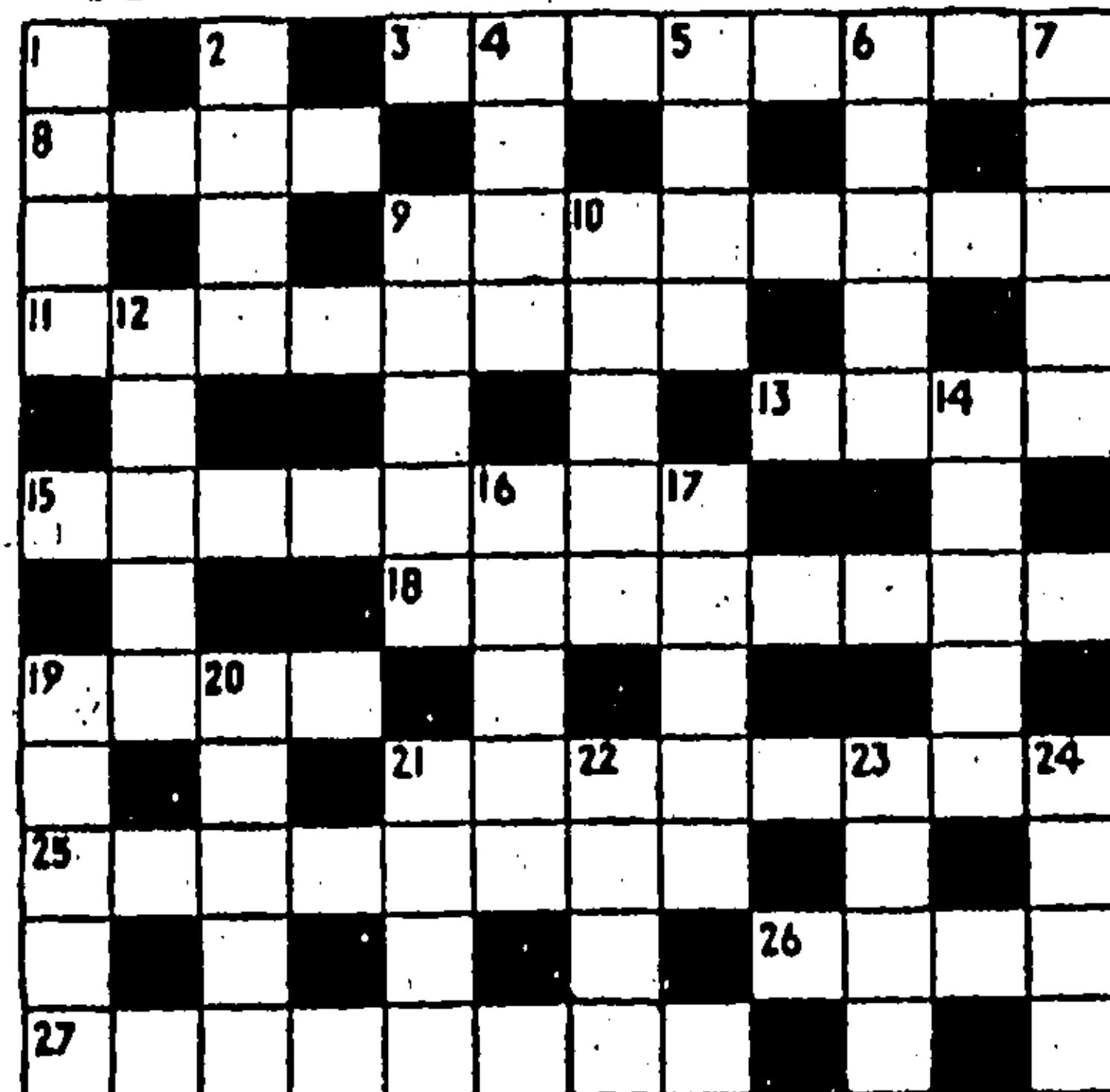
## POCKET CARTOON

By OSBERT LANCASTER



"Philippa darling, you know I love you, but I'm terribly short of oxygen!"

## A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- Get near (8).
  - Devastation (4).
  - Determined (8).
  - Got ready (8).
  - Disorder (4).
  - Disciplinarian (8).
  - Business chief (8).
  - Stained (4).
  - Sent to the bottom (8).
  - Royal lady (8).
  - Equips (4).
  - Suffering (8).
- DOWN**
- Harvest (4).
  - Heap (4).
  - Nobleman (4).
  - Land measure (4).
  - Sharp (5).
  - Takes notice (5).
  - Mud (5).
  - Cut apart (5).
  - Fit for immediate use (5).
  - Slant (5).
  - Female relative (5).
  - Tries out (5).
  - Drugged (5).
  - Ways out (5).
  - Blends (4).
  - Employ (4).
  - Entice (4).
  - Writing-table (4).

**YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD:** Across: 1 Carpet, 4 Carve, 7 Regiment, 8 Theme, 9 Decent, 11 Elected, 13 Intrude, 15 Sudden, 18 Trait, 19 Execute, 20 Tunes, 21 Steady, 22 Doubt, 1 Cured, 2 Probe, 3 Treated, 4 Cattle, 5 Reluctant, 6 Extend, 10 Cottage, 12 Lessons, 13 Intact, 14 Utters, 16 Deuce, 17 Nasty.

## PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

**QUICK MONEY** The new poor, the owners of England's stately mansions, have reason to be delighted by this sunlit summer: it is bringing them a flow of wealth.

To help meet a ruinous taxation, many have thrown open their centuries-old homes and tree-dotted parklands to a curious public—for a small fee.

This year there has been a record number of sightseers. On one or more days a week, they pay their shillings or half-crowns to wander through the ancestral halls, gaze at suits of armour, family portraits and ancient heirlooms of a spacious age. They inspect the great stables and outhouses, tour the grounds, sit on the greenward for a picnic meal. Then they depart by the coachload.

Woburn Abbey, the Duke of Bedford's historic seat, has this year already attracted more than 107,000 sightseers. They paid the Duke over £20,000 for the privilege.

Even in the good old days, when recalcitrant tenants were encouraged to pay their dues by the thought of dungeons and fetters, it is unlikely that Woburn Abbey could have seen the silver roll in so rapidly.

**HOT AIR** The night's vapours were noxious and, injurious, according to our forefathers, and they shut tight their bedroom windows from dusk till dawn. More recently, doctors insisted that the fresh air aided healthful slumber, and they threw the windows open.

Now a modern doctor tells us that the old folk were not so wrong, after all. He advises some of his patients: "Shut your window if you wish (anathema to health-at-any-cost Britons) and open the door to let in warm air."

Writing in the medical journal, Practitioner, Dr Guy Daynes, of Hove, concedes that "a doctor in the British Isles who advises his patient to shut the window at night is shuttling with such inconsideration that this advice must be given but rarely in our part of the world". And patients themselves would oppose this "seeming abandonment of one of the principal British rules of health."

Dr Daynes thus recognises that the vast majority of Britons regard the nocturnal open window with fanaticism. But, in fact, most can quickly acclimatise themselves to sleeping with the window shut provided they are satisfied it is doing them good, he concludes.

**WORD LORE** Some years ago, the Chicago Tribune, the thundering, 150-lb. nationalist voice of the American midwest, decided that the English language needed a working over. Its spelling was far out of date.

A great many words—like photographer, sophomore, telephone and stool—turned up in the Tribune spelled just like that. But last week, the Tribune decided on a change. Explained the editors, sadly: "It's confusing for school children."

Quipped the New York Times: "Few, it feels phony."

**MAKE BELIEVE** Do women like acting more than men? Up amateur dramatic groups, seeding to enlist talent for plays they will stage later in the year.

Plenty of women are volunteering—two or three for each part. But not enough men are coming forward, even

when producers have advertised for players.

Producers with long experience of recruiting casts believe that this is not because, proportionately, more men than women are at work and come home each evening with little energy for other things.

No, they say, women just must introduce a bit of make-believe into their lives; the menfolk are happy with a walk with the dog, a pint of beer in the pub, or just supper and the evening newspaper.

**BIGGEST CLAN** Which is the biggest clan in Scotland—the Macdonalds or the Campbells? The answer is neither. There are 80,000 Smiths in Scotland, and they outnumber the Macdonalds, the second biggest clan, by some 20,000.

Mr J.C. Kyt, chairman of the Scots Ancestry Research Society, who gave these figures recently, states that the Macdonalds outnumber the Campbells by some 10,000.

Next to the Macdonalds come the Browns, the Wilsons, the Thomsons, the Robertsons, and then the Campbells.

Mr Kyt considers there are as many Scottish-born people living in the United States as there are in Edinburgh, and the number of people of Scottish blood living in the North American continent must be much greater than the present population of Scotland.

At recent censuses in America, Canada, Australia and South Africa, the number of people of Scottish birth living in these countries approached the million mark, and Mr Kyt believes that these of Scottish blood living away from Scotland must exceed 20 millions.

**HOME IN COMFORT** Now it is sleeping cars on vacation, press trains for German war criminals freed by the Russians. It is all part of the new Soviet plan of "don't let's be beastly to the Germans."

This was revealed by a group of war criminals back in Berlin from labour camps. All were sentenced to long terms by Russian military tribunals. A month ago they were collected from several camps, taken to Moscow, and housed in a villa close to where Field Marshal Paulus lived after his Stalingrad surrender.

The first stage home was a bus tour round Moscow which ended at the railway station. They were given reserved sleepers on the regular train to Berlin and were accompanied only by one Red army officer. Even he wore civilian clothes.

## THEY FOUGHT AN AIR WAR ... ON THE TELEPHONE

by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

**NORTH AMERICAN SUPPLY.** By H. Duncan Hall. H.M.S.O. and Longman. 35s. 559 pages.

**HERE** is a dry-as-dust volume, the latest addition to the History of the Second World War. Yet how big and dramatic are the issues which come to light—rather than to life—in its pages.

Its fate is, no doubt, to be used as a book of reference for future historians. One of these, more perceptive or more imaginative than the rest, will bring movement and colour to the story, and breathe into this sober record of how American weapons reached the British fighting line some of the impulse and the anguish of a struggle for existence.

In one respect, Hall's book can be given full credit: it explains admirably the unorthodox methods of the Ministry of Aircraft Production, which more than once in 1940 disturbed the peaceful ways of Anglo-American bureaucracy. This truth is exemplified in one or two incidents.

There was for instance the moment when Lord Beaverbrook gave an order for 3,000 American airplanes a month over and above the existing British orders.

The airplanes were ordered from London. The British Treasury was shocked at the financial obligations it was asked to assume. But Sir Kingsley Wood, the Chancellor, was overruled by the Prime Minister, and the orders were placed.

Mr Hall writes of "the bold decision of Beaverbrook" that it was "far-sighted" and "has no real parallel in the story of overseas supply." Its nearest rivals were the tank and ship building programmes; neither, however, was on the same imaginative scale. Part of the reason for the difference in approach can be found in the temperament of Lord Beaverbrook.

The observation is just. But more, far more, than temperament was involved. There was a whole region of intimate wartime relations between Britain and the United States of which a history of this kind cannot take sufficient note.

Negotiations took place by conversation, by exchange on the telephone, a mere scribbled note on half a sheet of paper might be the only record of vital transactions which were meticulously observed.

These were not the methods of civil service or of orthodox government, but rather of the market-place and the manager's office.

The Minister of Aircraft Production, Lord Beaverbrook, persisted in side-tracking the orderly methods of obtaining American supplies by going direct to President Roosevelt. This change was effected by the British Treasury and other representatives in Washington in a complaining telegram addressed to the Prime Minister and the Minister of Aircraft Production.

Did this deter him? It did not. At the next crisis in 1940, the Ministry of Aircraft Production tried, through the British Government's supply agency in Washington, to get necessary supplies of various types of steel. It failed.

So serious was the situation that only six weeks' supply of steel necessary for fabrication of aircraft was available. Very soon British production for the RAF would have been interfered with. The "regular channels" had failed.

What was to be done? Sir Patrick Hennessey of Ford, who was directing the Aircraft Ministry, went to Mr Edgar Lewis of Jones and Laughlin of Pittsburgh, an American industrialist of Welsh birth. Sir Patrick explained the need by telephone. The specifications were sent over to the United States by air. And Mr Lewis went from one American steel concern to another, until he had secured the steel for Britain and got it on to ships.

It was almost, but not quite, the end of the story. For just after the steel arrived at Liverpool, the city was bombed. The consignment could not be shifted.

The journey of the precious steel was completed when Lord Reith, at that time Minister of Works and Buildings, was persuaded to take charge. He quickly moved the precious materials from docks to factories.

Mr Hall's book complains, in effect, that such interferences were "illegally upset" the supply organisation in Washington. But, in truth, the danger of serious confusion was less than might appear. After quoting Churchill's dictum that the Anglo-American supply machinery should be judged less by its formal structure than by the personalities behind it—Mr Hall goes on:

"In the same spirit, the President himself went down on paper since Mr Churchill, Hopkins and Beaverbrook would be able to compose any difficulties that might arise."

On that high, yet intimate, level of events there may have been difficulties—but there was also an immense flexibility and an exchange across the ocean of inspiration as well as arms.

Mr Hall deals with the visit of Churchill to Washington at

the end of 1941, just after Pearl Harbour, Beaverbrook (by that time Minister of Supply) and high military supply officials were with the Prime Minister. In brief and colourless terms Mr Hall tells how Beaverbrook urged on the Americans a 50 percent increase in their targets of arms production.

Some American officials were staggered and sceptical. But Beaverbrook had an intimate knowledge and an immense faith in the production capacities of the United States.

He urged his figures with damnable yet reasoned eloquence on the Americans. He dealt once more directly with the President, who was persuaded. And the vital "raising of the sights" was decreed which made the United States at once the greatest military power and the greatest arms supplier on earth.

The Prime Minister called home: "Max has been magnificent." Some at least among those who do not undervalue what Beaverbrook accomplished at MAP, and on the Moscow Mission with Averell Harriman, still believe that his greatest single service during the war was accomplished in those few days of hectic high-level diplomacy at Washington.

Of the "three businesses of this age—women, politics and drinking," Rochester's personal interests left him little time for politics. For five consecutive years he claimed to have been under the influence of drink: "Oh, that second bottle, Harry, is the sincerest, wisest and most impartial downright friend we have!"

But the downright friend made him indiscriminate in his dealings with women, who were finally the death of him. Only his wit remained unblunted by excess or ill-health.

He invented the name by which Charles is popularly remembered—"A merry monarch, scandalous and poor"; made the best-known epigram on his master:

Here lies our sovereign lord the King  
Whose promise none relies on.  
He never said a foolish thing  
Nor ever did a wise one.

On his deathbed he became a dignified and sincere penitent, convinced after prolonged argument of the truth of Christianity. One of the few courtiers who called on him was advised to turn to God. He rushed back to Whitehall with the news that poor Rochester was mad.

A few days before he died, the poet ordered all his "profane and lewd writings" to be destroyed. A glance at Mr Norman's biography will establish that enough profane and lewd writings have survived the purge.

After 300 years the profane may become historical. The lewd remains lewd.

**FABULOUS MOGUL.** By D. F. Karaka. Verschoyle. 15s. 176 pages.

THE British reader of this book about the Nizam of Hyderabad will take no pride at all in his account of the wretched circumstances by which the princely state was swallowed up by India. But he will be fascinated by a first-hand account of palace intrigues, of the strains of "I'm For Ever Blowing Bubbles" in trunks full of uncounted emeralds, and a court etiquette which, among other things, prescribes that conversations between the Nizam and his son must be conducted through a third party.

**THE STARLESS NIGHT.** By John Lodwick Hainemann. 15s. 399 pages.

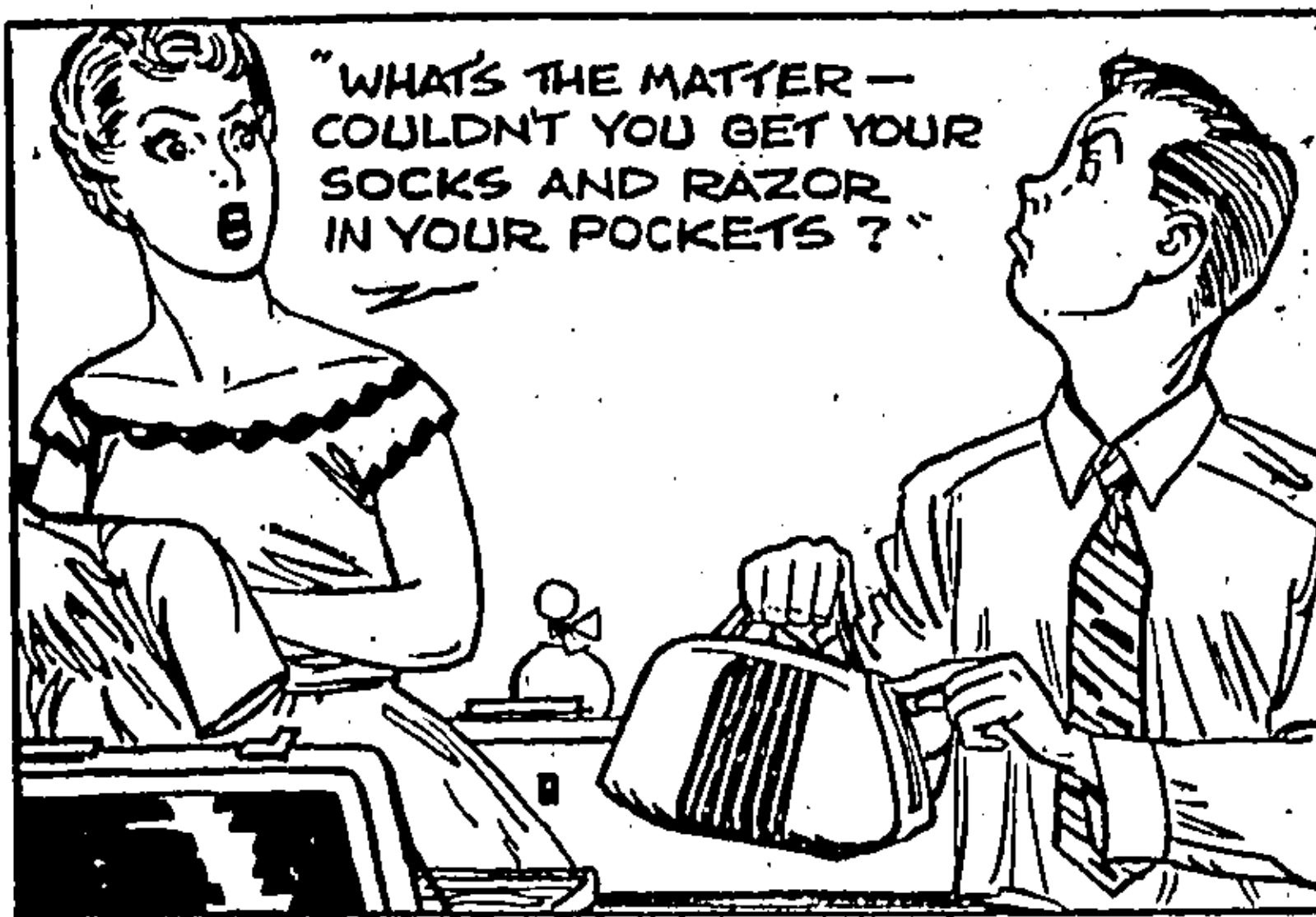
HERE he sat within a few hours of final separation from his second wife, with a dreadful threat of a party from another quarter: "to be reckoned with—indeed, alas, with the loss of a child." Here he sat, talking, but feeling nothing.

That is the trouble with Thornton, Lodwick's muddled, exasperating hero, ex-Consular official in Barcelona. He fritters away the time in conversation and "soliloquy." The conversation is "silly-witty" and "silly-amusing." He is "silly-witted" from feeling and events.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

## Over The Week-End

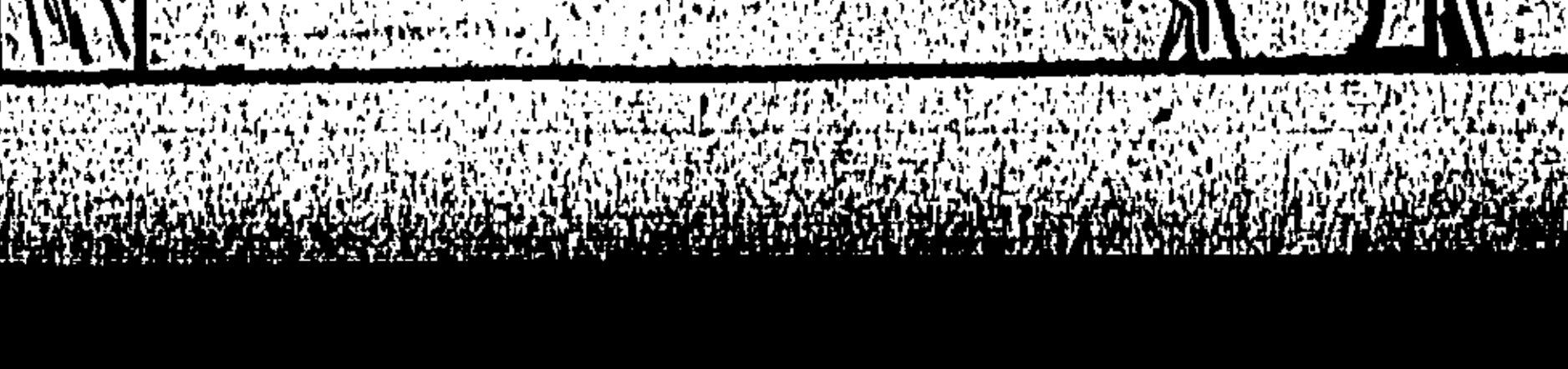
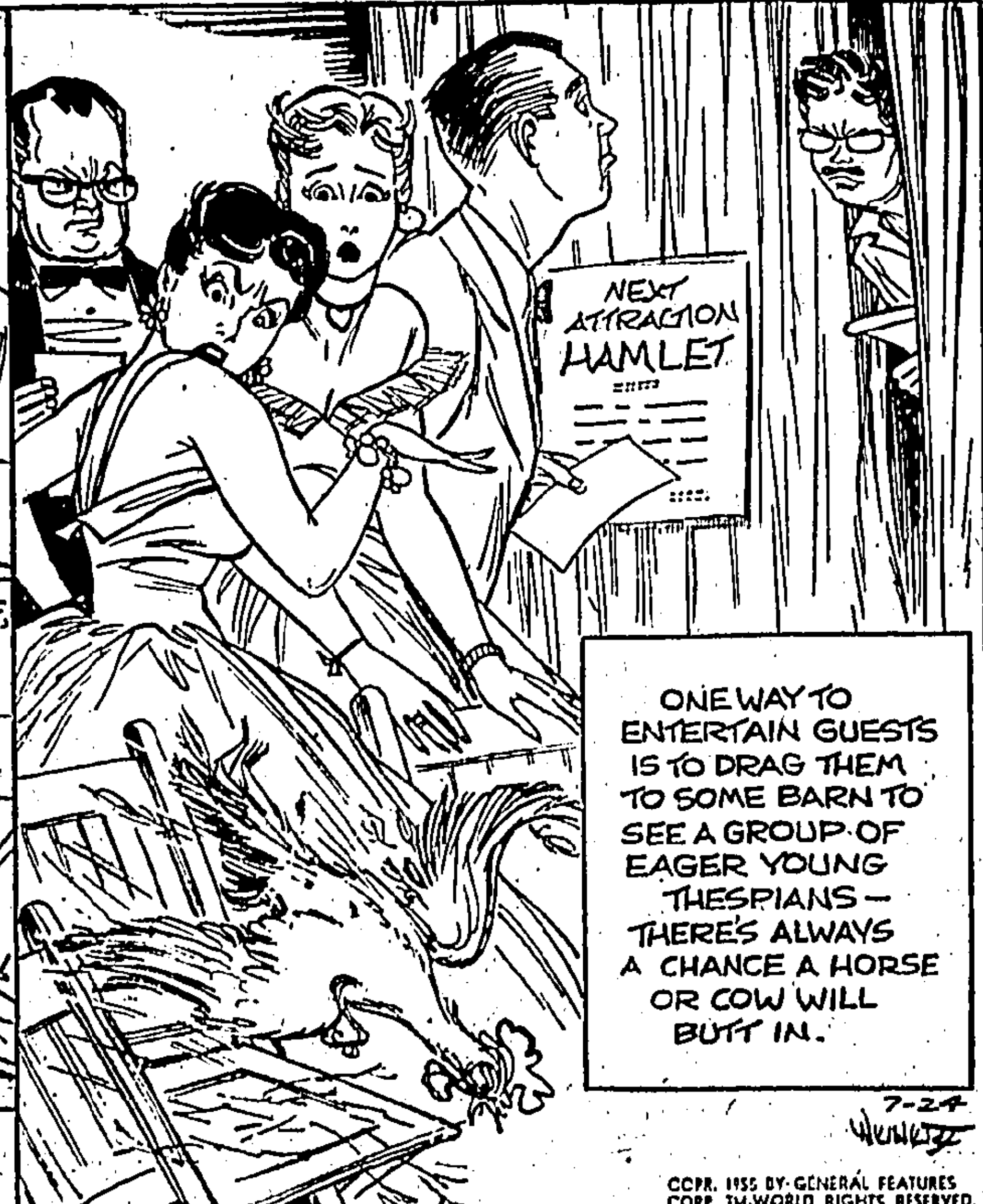
BY HARRY WEINERT



IT'S BEST TO PACK THE WEEK-END BAG YOURSELF, THEN YOU KNOW YOU HAVE EVERYTHING AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO BORROW FROM YOUR HOST.



THERE'S THE FAMILY THAT RUNS TO DOGS - LARGE FRIENDLY SHAGGY DOGS - AND IT'S AN HONOR WHEN THE POOCH TAKES TO YOU.



WE DESPISE THE HOST WHO PAUSES IN HIS SHAKING - TO TALK - AFTER HE'S FINISHED POURING WE DON'T CARE HOW MUCH HE SOUNDS OFF





# Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

## Ghosts In The Garden

### A DRAMATIC RECONSTRUCTION OF A TRUE LIFE STORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL

When David and Margaret Clarke moved into a lonely farmhouse somewhere in Britain in 1953, it had been empty since 1948 when the previous owner, Colonel Kennedy, had died.

"The Frightened Housekeeper", on Sunday evening at 7.30, tells the true story of strange events which took place there in the autumn of 1953. Certain details of the story have been changed in order to preserve the anonymity of the characters, but the facts remain essentially accurate.

In August, 1953, the housekeeper, Mrs Matthews, and her husband arrive at the farmhouse. Mrs Matthews experiences odd sensations in the rose-garden that has been the previous owner's great joy; tapings are heard by Matthews and by two members of the Society for Psychical Research called in later; and Mrs Matthews describes visions which bear a striking likeness to Colonel Kennedy's appearance.

The story has been reconstructed in dramatic form and is narrated by Anthony Jacobs. The producer of this BBC recorded programme was Peter Duval-Smith.

Radio Hongkong has pleasure in presenting a recital by a very accomplished Portuguese pianist, Maria Paves, who is at present on holiday in Hongkong.

At the age of ten, she went to study at the Conservatoire National de Musique in Lisbon, under the direction of Campos Coelho, one of the most celebrated teachers in Portugal. When only 16 years old, Maria Paves won the Beethoven Prize in Lisbon, which entitled her to study music in Austria, but unfortunately she was unable to take advantage of this because of the war.

Although Maria Paves' permanent home now is in Lourenco Marques, she has travelled extensively, and has given recitals in Lisbon, Portuguese East Africa, and Portuguese West Africa.

She was invited by the Chernivsky Concert Bureau to give joint recitals with the well-known Russian 'cellist, Mitalch Chernivsky in South Africa, has played with the Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra of Johannesburg, and has also given recitals from the Radio Club of Mocambique.

In her recital, which can be heard from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong at nine o'clock on Wednesday evening, Maria Paves will include two pieces by the Spanish composer Granados—"Danza Andaluza" No. 5, and Allegro de Concerto; "Fado" and "Rosas" by Ruy Coelho, and Moskowski's "Caprice Espagnol", opus 37.

### BATTLE OF BRITAIN WEEK

Next week is "Battle of Britain" week, and on Monday evening at a quarter past eight, a Battle of Britain Pilot of the R.A.F. will broadcast an appeal on behalf of the R.A.F. Entertainment Fund, and R.A.F. Association.

### VIEWPOINT

In Friday's edition of "Viewpoint", at half past seven, Professor F. S. Drake will be reviewing two books: "Background of the Rebellion of An Lu-shan" by E. G. Pulleyblank, and "Short History of Confucian Philosophy" by Liu Wu-chi.

Hugh Sullivan will be giving another in his series of talks, "Aspects of the Cinema", and the programme is edited and introduced, as usual, by Janet Tomblin.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second and on 3940 kilocycles, 70.14 metres.)

## Today

1.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
2.30 p.m. MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.  
3.00 p.m. TIME SIGNAL.  
3.15 p.m. NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
3.30 p.m. LUNCHEON MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.

## Sunday

10.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL. PROGRAMME SUMMARY, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

10.15 p.m. MORNING MELODY. 10.30 p.m. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF RADIO HONGKONG.

11.00 a.m. HILLARY WEBER (soprano). 11.15 p.m. HILLARY WEBER (soprano).

11.30 a.m. HILLARY WEBER (soprano). 11.45 p.m. HILLARY WEBER (soprano).

12.00 p.m. HILLARY WEBER (soprano). 12.15 p.m. HILLARY WEBER (soprano).

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## Monday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL. AND OPENING MARCH.

7.15 p.m. NEWS SUMMARY.

7.30 p.m. TOP OF THE MORN.

7.45 p.m. WEATHER REPORT.

8.00 p.m. TIME SIGNAL. NEWS.

8.15 p.m. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

8.30 p.m. MUSIC FOR YOU.

8.45 p.m. CLOSE DOWN.

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## WEEK-END BOWLS

# CRUCIAL LAST MATCH TODAY WILL DECIDE WHICH TEAM GETS RELEGATED

By "TOUCHER"

The two lowest-placed First Division teams, Indian Recreation Club "Gold" and Revere "Whites", come in for their share of the spotlight this afternoon as the Colony Lawn Bowls League season approaches its end.

The two teams clash at Sookunpoo in a crucial last match of the season to decide who will be the wooden-spoonists of the year and the team that will go down into the Second Division next season.

The Revere "Whites" are ahead by one point and have the extra advantage of being down by only 127.57 shots as against the 150 shots of the Indians. A 3-2 win will see them retain their position in the First Division, and even a 2-3 defeat still gives them a chance of edging out their rivals on the number of shots down for the season.

The Indians need at least a 4-1 win to escape relegation, and on the strength of their reshuffled line-up this afternoon I doubt very much if they can take more than one point from this game.

I understand that one rink in which O. Sadick will take over the skip's role from A. H. Seemlin who will play as lead, will be considerably weakened by the absence of Benny Omar.

## GOOD SEASON

The Second Division concludes this afternoon with the match between Kowloon Cricket Club and Filipino Club.

Competition has been extremely keen in this division this season—even keener, in fact, than in the First Division. Victories have been registered by such teams as KCC, USRC and HKCC over the top-placed teams and an excellent spirit prevailed in all these games.

Only Police Recreation Club proved to be that shade weaker than the others, but a word of compliment must be paid to the Police bowlers for the very fine manner in which they took their defeats during the season.

They always had a grand time irrespective of the number of shots they were down. With the promotion of the Kowloon Dock Third Division team into this division next season, a much more interesting and much keener competition is in store for the Second Division bowlers.

Congratulations go to the Champions, Talkoo Club, for winning the Second Division title and a deserving promotion to the First Division. They have played good bowls throughout and we hope that they may be able to show some of our veteran First Division bowlers a thing or two when they join them next season.

Two Third Division games will be played off this afternoon with the match between Filipino Club and Kowloon Dock meriting some attention. If the dockmen win this match they will have completed the season with a 100 per cent record, winning all their sixteen matches. I believe it has been quite some time since that feat has been achieved. Well done, Kowloon Dock.

## OPEN TRIPLES

Tomorrow the Colony Open Triples event will reach its final stage with the play-off of the two semi-finals at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club.

Both games promise a high standard of bowls and extremely close fights.

Craigengower Cricket Club has been again lucky in the draw, having its two surviving combinations in different halves, and its representatives will be given that extra urge of making it an all-Craigengower final as they have done in the rinks event.

George Hong Choy, F. O. Madar and S. Leonard, conquerors of the Luz brothers, have been drawn against Indian Recreation Club's I. Ali, M. B. Hassan and A. M. Omar in the first match.

Both threes have been playing some brilliant bowls in their recent matches and much will depend on the form of the day. For the Indians, both Hassan and Omar will have to be right in top form if they expect to go through.

All did not seem very happy in his position as lead in the last

match and here opposing lead George Hong Choy will start off with a definite advantage.

On the Craigengower side, Fred Macfar may be expected to hold his own against Hassan, but whether Stanley Leonard can produce that extra bit to lead his side through remains the unpredictable question. On regular form, the Indians have a slight edge on their opponents.

In the second match, KCC's A. V. Lopez, E. R. Rosellei and C. R. Rosellei will start off as slight favourites against Craigengower's C. K. Sung, C. C. Ma and A. H. Seemlin who were not really impressive when they won their quarter-final round. Skip Seemlin, especially, will have to play much better if his side is to get past the well-balanced KCC three with their aggressive play.

## TODAY'S GAMES

## First Division

FC v. KCC  
Revere "Blues" v. KBGC  
IRC "Gold" v. Revere "Whites"

IRC "Blues" v. PRC

## Second Division

KCC v. FC

## Third Division

KCC v. HKERC  
FC v. KDC

(Skips' Tables are on Page 17)

## SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



# Money Is The Root Of Current Soccer Evils Today

Says DON REVIE

Down and down go the attendances at many League matches. Up and up goes the rating assessment on many Football League grounds. Not enough money coming into the game as there was in the boom years. Too much being taken out through one kind of taxation or another.

Is it any wonder some professional footballers consider they belong to a distressed industry? I don't expect many football fans will agree with that because they read so often about the big names on £15 a week, many with jobs outside football which may put them in the £2,000 a year income bracket.

But did you know the average "life" of a footballer is seven years, and that the average income is £8 a week? Now can you wonder why so many brilliant young players say "No thank you" when football managers try to sign them on professional terms?

There is not enough in the game to encourage young footballers to give up a steady job and take up soccer as a profession. This is a problem which must be faced resolutely sooner or later, if we are to meet the continentals on level terms.

Before the Second World War, most of our footballers were recruited from the pits and industrial areas. They

were glad to get away from the smoke and grime and poorly paid jobs. Many of them did not even have jobs. That is why they concentrated on mastering a football. That is why, hour after hour, they practised to become great players.

## STEADY JOB

What had today is going to quit the pit to play football? He may love the game, but on the one hand he has a steady job which over the years will bring him in far more than he will earn at soccer, unless he is one of the lucky ones.

Put yourself in the position of the average footballer. You have £8 a week until you are

about 35, then you are OUT. You can earn that as bus conductor or night watchman—and you can stay earning it a lot longer than you will at football.

So can you wonder why every manager I speak to raises the same complaint? "There are not so many brilliant youngsters coming into the game as there were before 1939."

Yet how different is the situation on the continent where they have a glut of top class talent. Kopa the French forward told me he is paid £150 a month, plus a £10 bonus if his team wins, or £10 if they draw. Eddie Firmani has left Charlton Athletic to go into Italian football on somewhat similar terms. Can you blame him?

A rich prize awaits the continental lad who is prepared to work hard to reach the top. He feels the effort is worth the risk. In British football there is no comparable incentive for many youngsters to take the same risks their fathers did. And the list of first class players who also take jobs outside football for their future security steadily grows.

Tom Finney has his plumbing business; Len Shackleton and Ken Chisholm have shops; Roy Bentley, Nat Lofthouse, Trevor Ford and Ken Armstrong, are all salesmen. Even these great players dare not rely solely on football for their future. Surely that is all wrong.

## GREATER REWARDS

British football cries out for great players and personalities; yet we will never attract the intelligent type of chap the game needs unless there is more incentive. Certainly I know more and more professional footballers are worried about their future.

The first positive step is to offer greater rewards. Even more important is that youngsters coming into the game should be so safeguarded that they have another trade or profession to rely on. This should be written into a players' contract.

And what of you, the fans? Without greater support at the turnstiles the game will decline even further. The solution may be to have not only Soccer grounds, but sports centres, where the people of a town can participate in every type of sport.

Soccer will not die in this country. But we must counteract the challenge of other forms of entertainment by making soccer still more attractive. For the player it must be an occupation more competitive with the rewards of industry.

For the spectator, not only better football is the answer, but new ideas for new times, better amenities and the presentation of such extra items as gymnastic displays, minor athletic meetings or junior games before League matches.

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# FIRMANI GETS GOLF CLUBS AS A PRESENT

Eddie Firmani, the 22-year-old Sampdoria (Italy) inside-forward, transferred from Charlton Athletic towards the end of the English close season, will be playing golf with a brand new bag of clubs this year. Mrs Firmani and seven-month-old son Paul left London for Genoa this week.

The golf clubs—a gift to Eddie from his old club in recognition of his services—went with them.

Firmani made 105 League and Cup appearances for Charlton, scoring 51 goals. He equalled the club's individual scoring record in the League with five goals against Aston Villa last February.

Low Road, who starred in Australia's 5-0 Davis Cup win over the United States, may over a professional. Jack Kramer has openly said Road looks the best prospect for his professional tennis career.

Low, who is still only 20, will not commit himself. But he says: "If the offer is good enough, how can I pass it up?"

## SOVIET RUNNER

Vladimir Kuts, the Leningrad sailor who lost by a stride to Chris Chataway when the Englishman broke the World's 5,000 Metres record at the White City last October, is in the Soviet team to meet Britain in Moscow on September 11. Chataway and Kuts have each beaten the other once—and each time it was a world record.

Bill Johnston, one of the most popular Australian cricketers who was written off from big cricket because of a knee injury, hopes to be able to play again in the current Australian season.

Johnston injured his knee at East Molesey in 1953. The earilage went again in June during the last Test against the West Indies. Doctors at first thought the damage was beyond repair.

## FOUR TIMES CHAMPION

Johnny Leach, the former World Table Tennis Champion, heads the English National ranking list just published in London.

Richard Bergmann, four times Champion, is ranked second, with Brian Kennedy, the 22-year-old Yorkshireman third. In the Women's section, Rosalind Rowe is ranked No. 1 with sister Diane and 16-year-old Ann Haydon joint second.

Alec Stock, manager of Leyton Orient Football Club, has been elected team-manager of the League Division Three (South) side to meet the Third Division (North) in the second of the annual games between the two leagues on Accrington Stanley's ground on October 15.—London Express Service.

(COPYRIGHT)

# SPORTS QUIZ

- What football clubs have the following nicknames? (a) The Rams (b) The Magpies (c) The Robins (d) The Canaries.
- What is the most famous annual Yachting event?
- How many players make a team in (a) Rugby Union football (b) Rugby League football (c) Polo (d) Water Polo?
- What is the name of the Yachting Cup contested for between Great Britain and America?
- Nationalities, please, of these famous sporting personalities: Lenzie Constantine, Eddie Firmani, Jack Young, Randolph Turpin.
- Which did England last win the Wightman Cup?
- Spotting anagrams: OMT EYFNNI, RIS NEYLSA OSRU, CKAJ EEMACHHT, OVR WBOINSRUME.
- Which Negro was the World's Heavyweight Champion in the 1930's?
- What is the difference between the off-side rule in hockey and in soccer?
- What is the lowest weight category in boxing?

(Answers See Page 17)

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## Sports Diary

## TODAY

Swimming

1st day of the Colony Swimming Championship finals at EYMCA, 8 p.m.

## Cricket

Kowloon Cricket Club trials.

## Bowls

1st Div: IRC "B" v. PRC; Revere "B" v. KBGC; IRC "G" v. Revere "Whites".

2nd Div: KCC v. FC.

3rd Div: PRC v. HKERC; FC v. KDC.

"Sam Shue" Cup competitions at HKFC, 9 p.m.

All did not seem very happy in his position as lead in the last

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Mrs. Lella Buckland

## British Housewife Is Now One Of The World's Top Milers

Three years ago, a letter arrived at a London suburban newspaper office. It was from a 27-year-old Biggin Hill (Kent) housewife who asked the newspaper to put her in touch with a local athletic club. For, as she wrote: "I find housekeeping leaves me with too much time on my hands."

She was Mrs. Lella Buckland, who duly became a member of Cambridge Harriers, one of the most prominent clubs in South London.

That was three years ago. Now Lella Buckland is one of Britain's, indeed the world's top women milers.

Last week-end she added to her previous successes by setting up an unofficial World record for the Two Miles on her club track at Charlton Park.

She won an invitation Two Miles race in 11 mins. 1.8 secs. The previous best-known time for that distance was 11 mins. 27.2 secs. by Mrs. Phyllis Perkins of Ilford AC.

But Mrs. Buckland's time can never be accepted as a record. The longest distance recognised for records in women's athletics is 880 yards.

Lella, who is the Kent county Miler Champion, last year won the Southern Counties Mile in the record time of 5 mins. 10.8 secs.

She went one better last May when, running against such formidable opposition as Diane Leather, she broke through the five-minute barrier, clocking 4 mins. 54.8 secs. at the White City. She was a mere 20 yards behind Miss Leather, who won in 4 mins. 50.8 secs.

Lella believes in living a full life. She trains daily, managing an average of six and a half miles each day. Pet dog Riley, necessarily, her on her runs. Wood-chopping is included in her keep-fit programme.

When she is not on road or track, she is doing the housework or helping her husband on their small farm. And still she finds time to be a part-time gardener.

This curly-haired brunette puts everything into any job she does. That's why she has been so successful.

Her forecast is that one day a woman will run the Mile in 4 mins. 40 secs.

Who knows, Lella herself may be the first to reach that target. If not, it certainly won't be for lack of effort on her part.—London Express Service. (COPYRIGHT)

## Answers To Sports Quiz

- (a) Derby County (b) Preston North End (c) Newcastle United (d) Charlton Athletic (e) Norwich
- Cowes Regatta
- (a) 15 (b) 12 (c) 7 (d) 7
- America's Cup
- West African, Australian, British
- 1930
- Tom Finney, Sir Stanley Matthews, Jack Cheetham, Roy Swinbourne
- Joe Louis
- In hockey there must be three players, including the goalkeeper, between the goal line and the player receiving the pass; in soccer there need be only two including the goalkeeper.
- Flyweight.

## SKIPS' TABLES

### FIRST DIVISION

	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
R.F. Luz (Rec. "B")	15	13	1	1	301	243	118	—	13½
J.F.V. Ribeiro (Rec. "B")	15	11	—	4	316	273	43	—	11
C.E. Passos (Rec. "B")	15	10	—	5	310	257	62	—	10½
A. Harvey (KBGC)	15	9	—	6	307	231	76	—	9½
A.M. Brown (KBGC)	15	9	—	6	321	204	57	—	9½
E.W. Bradbury (CCC)	15	9	—	6	314	277	37	—	9
E.E. Conter (CCC)	15	9	—	6	305	280	25	—	9
W. Wong Sling (KCC)	15	9	—	6	289	280	3	—	9
J.M. McKelvie (KBGC)	15	9	—	6	302	285	17	—	8½
A.A. Lopes (Rec. "W")	15	8	—	7	320	241	39	—	8½
T.E. Baker (KCC)	13	7	—	6	256	224	28½	—	7½
K. Bodle (PRC)	13	7	—	6	256	224	28½	—	7½
D. Phillips (KCC)	13	6	—	7	224	281	13	—	6
A.H. Seemlin (PRC)	13	6	—	7	258	276	—	—	6
H.B. Dewar (KCC)	13	6	—	7	258	276	—	—	6

### SECOND DIVISION

J.B. Baxter (TC)	15	13	—	2	340	244	105	—	13
J.H. Kinniburgh (TC)	15	12	—	3	353	274	79	—	12½
E. Greenwood (HKFC)	15	12	—	3	389	230	159	—	12
R. Gourlay (KDC)	15	12	—	3	355	249	100	—	12
W.B. Brown (TC)	15	11	—	4	370	233	87	—	11
A.E. Elliott (KDC)	15	11	—	4	350	281	65	—	11
D. Agnew (USRC)	15	11	—	4	320	204	62	—	11
W.M. McNair (HKFC)	15	9	—	6	331	242	89	—	9
P.D. Angus (HKCC)	15	9	—	6	303	310	—	—	9
P.K. Lau (CCC)	10	8	—	2	237	181	56	—	8½
R. Hetherington (USRC)	15	8	—	7	328	315	13	—	8½
W.J. Howard (KCC)	15	8	—	7	312	270	42	—	8
B.I. Bickford (HKFC)	15	8	—	7	312	278	34	—	8
J. Leonard (CCC)	11	7	—	4	223	202	21	—	7

### THIRD DIVISION

R. Lapsley (KDC)	15	13	—	2	387	211	170	—	13½
A.G. Gardner (HKERC)	15	11	—	4	342	204	70	—	11½
J. McKitt (KDC)	15	10	—	5	312	218	94	—	10½
R. Foster (KCC)	15	10	—	5	350	305	45	—	10
W.C. Higgs (POC)	15	10	—	5	345	314	31	—	10
V.A.V. Ribeiro (FC)	14	9	—	5	310	200	50	—	9½
L.J. McTavish (POC)	15	9	—	6	342	260	82	—	9
L. Cosgrove (KBGC)	15	8	—	7	299	273	20	—	8½
C.E. Terry (KBGC)	15	8	—	7	327	312	15	—	8½
A. Hutton (KBGC)	15	8	—	7	308	297	11	—	8½
H. Shields (HKFC)	15	7	—	8	313	337	—	—	8
E. Champelovier (KCC)	15	7	—	8	280	310	—	—	7½
W.A.J. Bayne (KDC)	8	7	—	1	182	121	61	—	7
M.N. Rakusen (HKFC)	15	7	—	8	340	292	48	—	7
A. Ribeiro (FC)	12	7	—	5	201	231	30	—	7

## Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

W. McCracken  
By ARCHIE QUICK

The most consistent attendant of midweek Football League matches in the first seven hectic weeks of a season is a jolly-faced Irishman. Twinkling eyes behind his spectacles tell that he has indeed kissed the Blarney Stone. But for all his constant good humour and fund of anecdotes there is a shrewdness behind it all. For here is one of the best scouts in Soccer.

William McCracken will go down in history as the original "Offside King" in the great days of Newcastle United at the break of the century. Now he is Newcastle's chief scout in the South of England and there is very little that misses his roving eye.

"Bill" combs the byways and highways of football from schoolboy games to First Division, although his happy hunting ground is the Third Division where he spots the embryonic talent and passes on the information to his St. James's Park masters. Thus he obtained Victor Keeble, of Colchester, and Alan Moonhouse from Millwall for them.

### AUTOMATIC CHOICE

McCracken was in the Newcastle side that figured in the Cup Finals of 1905, 1906, 1908, 1910, 1911—five times in seven years. What a record! But they only won the trophy once—in 1910 when they defeated Barnsley. At this time, McCracken was automatic choice at right back for Ireland. He had won six "caps" whilst with Belfast Distillery, and when he joined Newcastle he gained ten more.

The remarkable thing about his international career was that he won ten of these honours between the years 1902 and 1905 and then there was a gap until 1920 when he made a come-back to the international scene after a lapse of fifteen years. This was due to a difference with the powers-that-be, but it does provide a record which is unlikely to be equalled.

There is no doubt in Billy's mind these days that his great Newcastle colleagues such as Lawrence, Huddspeth, McWilliam, Low, Velch, Rutherford, Howie, Shepherd, Higgins, Gardner, Pudan, Appleyard, Speedie, Wilson, Carr, McCormie, Alfien, Orr, Gosnell, Whilson, Willis, Jobey, Stewart, were a finer company of footballers than can generally be produced today, but he is still very doubtful what sort of success they would meet with.

"The pace is so fast these days I don't think they would be allowed time to play proper football," he says, "and that is what is wrong with the game today. It is all better and skelter, and the public are as much to blame as the managers."

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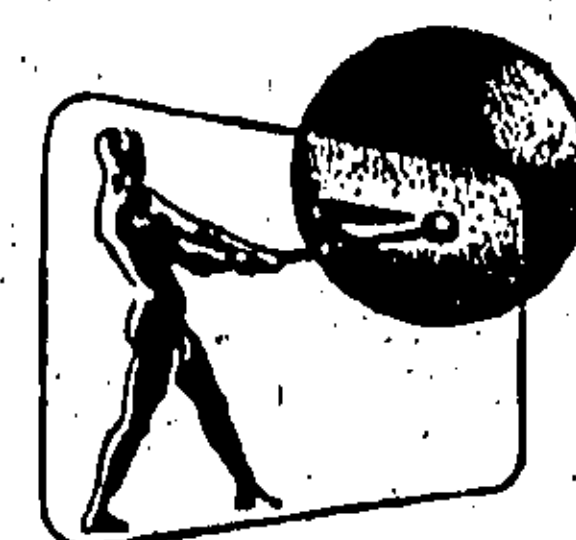
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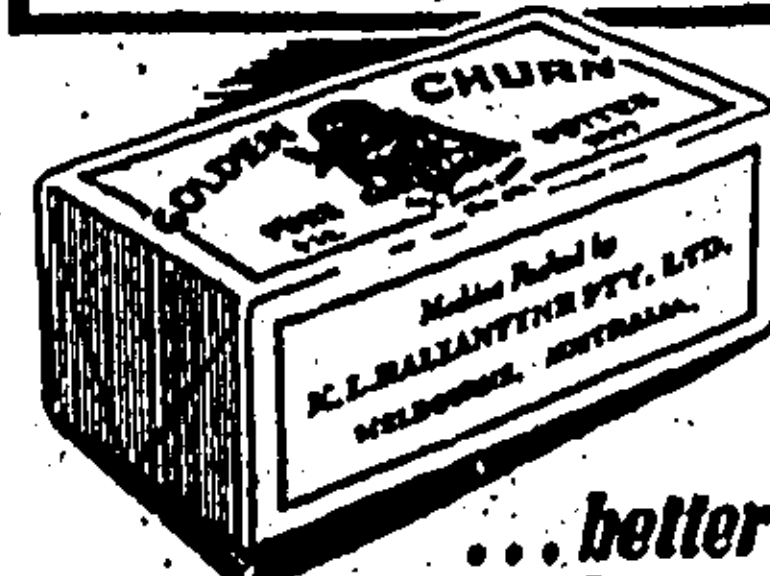
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## THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby

LISTEN, GEORGE, I CAN HEAR THE CUPS RATTLING

OUR LITTLE VISITORS ARE MAKING US SOME TEA

I'LL GO AND STOP THEM

LEAVE THEM ALONE, DEAR

SUPPOSE THEY SCALD THEMSELVES

THEY MUST TAKE THE RISK

THERE! TOLD YOU I WAS RIGHT! WE WERE OLD ENOUGH TO MANAGE WITHOUT MISHAP—TRAVEL TAKE THE RISK

AUNTIE, WHERE'S MISSY?

MISSY PLAYING WITH THE LITTLE BOY NEXT DOOR

WHAT DOES YOUR BOOK OF CHILD PSYCHOLOGY SAY ABOUT THAT PROBLEM, DEAR?

## No Change Likely In No-Ball Rule; Umpires Upset Fast Bowlers

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

A lot of people seem to think that before the Australians get here next summer we shall have a new no-ball rule in operation. I disagree, although I know experiments have been going on at Lord's all season and that every fast bowler in the country is upset by the demands of certain of our umpires.

Something will certainly have to be done—but I don't think it will come to any rule alteration. Quite certainly it won't come down to the repeated demand for the no-ball to be decided on the drop of the left foot inside the batting crease. That, so many experts have claimed, would eliminate all the funny business about the drag-through of bowlers like Lindwall and Trueman and South Africa's Trevor Goddard.

Perhaps it would. But the snag is that the umpires who have tried it find that it just doesn't work. They tell me it is a physical impossibility to first watch that front foot come down in the right place and then get their eyes focused down the pitch in time to see what is happening to the ball. If an umpire has to watch the front foot, he cannot adjudicate on the LBW or the faintly snicked catch.

### UMPIRES DIFFER

Still, according to the fast bowlers, SOMETHING has got to be done. They tell me that some umpires ask them to drop their right foot twelve inches behind the line before they will pass their deliveries. Other umpires demand two feet. Extremists demand as much as a yard. As the bowlers very properly say—they must get something standardised. They can't keep on bowling 23 yards.

Of course they are right. What I think will happen is that the rule of the no-ball will remain unchanged and that all umpires will be directed to cut out this twelve inches, two feet, three feet behind the line business. After all, for generations bowlers were accepted if their bowling action started with the right foot behind that bowling crease, and I see no real reason why the whole thing should be thrown overboard now.

I am one of the slowest bowlers in the business, yet I know that when I release the ball my back foot is over the bowling crease! And so is every other bowler's too. I would say the sooner the discrimination against the fast boys is dropped the better.

Looking back over the last four exciting months, I think it has been one of the best seasons for English cricket since the war. Of course it hasn't been perfect. There have been too many injuries to allow England to go through the Test series at peak strength. But for all that, it has been a splendid season. Ideally, I suppose, it would have been better if the Championship had been more closely contested by more clubs. It was a two-horse race almost from the beginning. On the other hand there were two very fine teams racing. Surrey, I think, deserved to get through again simply because they kept on so steadily.

Yorkshire hopes really founded in mid-June when they lost three games in a row against Sussex, Surrey and Hampshire. Surrey never slipped as badly as that. They lost four odd games but always they were quickly back on top, going for all out decisions and piling up their points.

Their strength has been in Test standard bowling, brilliant catching near the wicket from those sure-fingered holders—Sturridge, Stewart, Lock, Laker and May, backed up by reasonable batting, which has gone right down the list when there has been need for the bowlers to get runs. Lock, Laker, Loader have all got fifties to lift the side out of trouble.

I see that a lot of people are fancying Surrey to make it five-in-a-row next season. And well they may, but Yorkshire has quite a bit of new blood coming along, which might just tilt the balance their way.

### WELL DONE, HANTS

The best side, outside the top two, was clearly Hampshire. They have had their best season ever, and if they had had just a little more batting strength, I think they could have made an even closer challenge. I attribute their tremendous revival to the fine batting starts they have been getting from Roy Marshall, their former West Indies batting star who goes out to hammer even the best new ball bowling as if he were in a festival game! Although he wears spectacles, Roy has one of the keenest eyes in the game.

Complementary to the start Marshall provided has been the best-season-ever bowling of Derek Shackleton. It is good to see a club like Hampshire, and Sussex too, enjoy a spell in the sunshine of success. The sooner our turn at Nottingham comes the better.

I think that one of the most astonishing features of this season is the fact that there has been only one game with no result. In every other, points have been won. How long it is since that happened previously I don't know. Certainly more games have been decided this season than in any other for 30 years. It has meant a lot of wear and tear on the players, but they don't mind if the spectators have had a good show.

### COACHING HINT

I don't propose to discuss a shot or how to bowl in this section this week. All I want to suggest is that you wind up your season wisely by taking care of your gear when you pack it away for the winter. It's too expensive to neglect. Also, if you can get the chance, have a go at one of the indoor winter schools. It's good fun and company.

(COPYRIGHT)





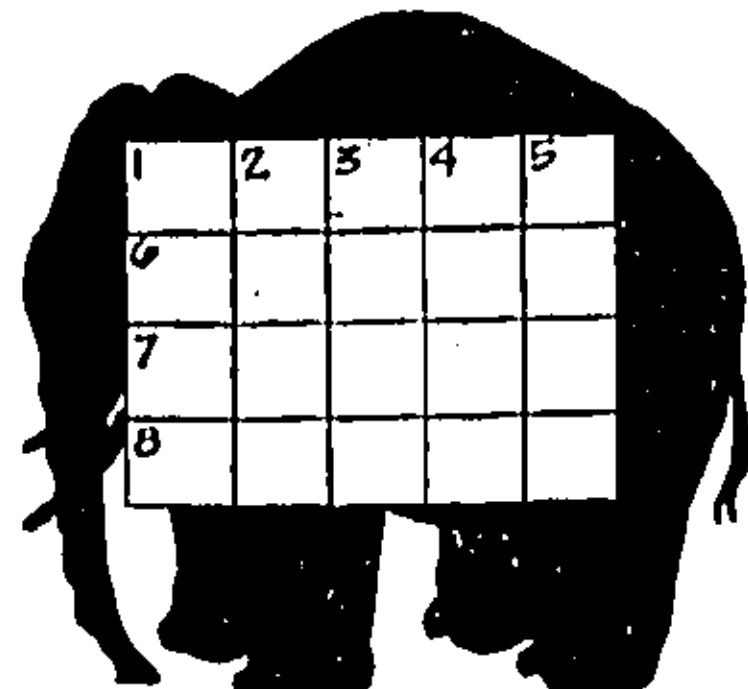
# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

### CROSSWORD

To give it a circus touch, Cartoonist Cal has placed this week's crossword puzzle on the silhouette of an elephant:



### ACROSS

- The circus has side —
- The lion tamer is in constant —
- Get up
- Stormed

### DOWN

- Most
- Olympian goddess
- Original (adj.)
- Discreet
- Winter vehicle

### DIAMOND

You may see a GORILLA at the circus and the Puzzleman has used one for the centre of his word diamond. The second word is "a spinning toy"; third "beginners"; fifth "parrot's name"; and sixth "crafty." Finish the diamond from the given clues:

G  
O  
R  
I  
L  
L  
A

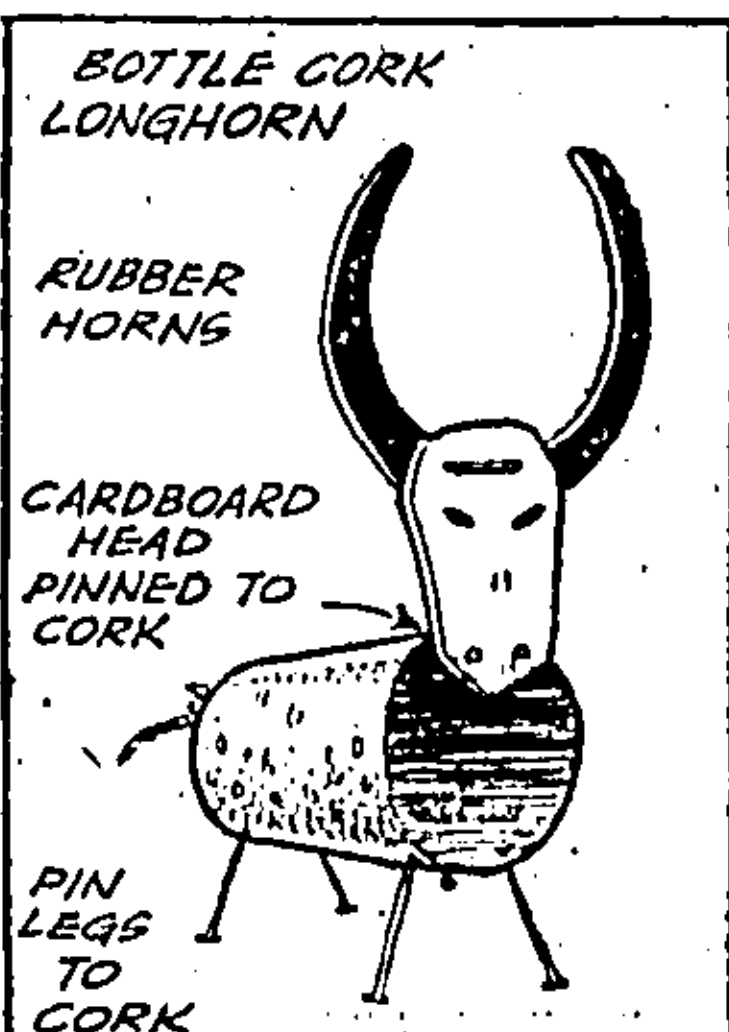
### HIDDEN CIRCUS ANIMALS

Each of these sentences contains a hidden circus animal. Can you find them?

The field was full of dandelions.

The prospector decided to pan the remainder of the pile before stopping for the day.

## INGENIOUS ANIMAL MADE WITH SCRAPS



You can make ingenious animals with scraps like bottle corks and rubber jar rings.

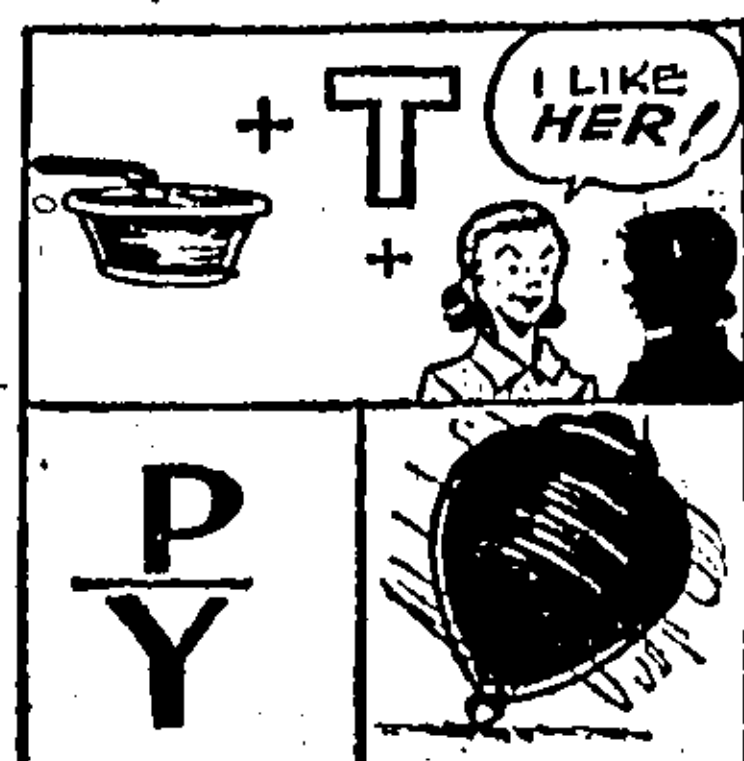
### CIRCUS MIX-UPS

Rearrange the letters in each line to find the three circus people hidden in them:

TAB CORA  
NORMA TILE  
SOUR OAT TUB

### CIRCUS REBUS

By using the words and pictures to full advantage, you'll easily find the four things you can see in a circus which have been concealed in this rebus:



(Solutions on Page 20)



1. CUT A LONG RUBBER BAND IN HALF... TIE ONE END TO A SAFETY PIN... THE OTHER TO A HEAVY STRING LOOP.

2. PIN THE RUBBER BAND ON THE INSIDE OF YOUR LEFT SLEEVE SO IT JUST REACHES YOUR CUFF.

3. HOLD A PIECE OF THE SAME STRING IN YOUR LEFT HAND LIKE THIS... WHILE ONE IS WATCHING, PULL THE LOOP OUT AND HOLD IT LIKE THIS.

4. CUT LOOP IN HALF... WITH A FEW MAGIC WORDS SAY YOU WILL PUT IT TOGETHER AGAIN... NOW LET THE CUT LOOP FLIP BACK UP YOUR SLEEVE... AND HOLD UP THE LONG STRING!

## The World's Largest Rose Bush Traces Back To A Homesick Girl

By Evelyn Witter

TOMBSTONE, once the mightiest city between El Paso and San Francisco, known for its history of gun fights and cruel mobs, celebrates another kind of riot every year in April or May. "The Town Too Tough to Die" has a Rose Festival then in celebration of its riot of roses.

The town can be proud of its roses, for it has the biggest rose bush in the world. The bush first got its title as The Biggest from a stranger-than-fiction author who wrote:

"Eighty-eight thousand blooms on one rose bush, the world's largest rose bush, in Tombstone, Ariz., covers 1,750 square feet. A hundred people can be, and, in fact, have been, comfortably seated to lunch at the same time beneath the giant rose bush that grows in the patio of the Rose Tree Inn. More than 7,000 bouquets of a dozen flowers each might be picked from its branches at once and still leave a few thousand roses."

But what puzzles some visitors to Tombstone is how the rose came to this desert region in the first place. Of course, there are many different stories about the origin of this unbelievable rose bush. The one which most people believe is true is the one about a homesick girl.

It seems that once there was a sweet young Scottish bride who was married to an Englishman, H. M. Gee. Mr. Gee was sent to Tombstone by his company, which had money invested



in the then new mining industry of Tombstone.

The bride was terribly homesick in the rough, strange mining town, and wrote to her parents back in Scotland all about how she felt.

The folks wanted to cheer her and so they sent her a slip from a bush of white roses in their garden. They thought this little bit of home would be a pleasant sight and would ease her loneliness in the strange and difficult country which was to be her home.

The Scotch lass planted the slip from the white Lady Banksia rose from Scotland and tended it carefully. It grew more beautiful each year. That was over 60 years ago. Today it is world famous.

And Lady Banksia might become even more important in

the future if two women members of Congress have anything to say about it. These two women, Rep. Frances Bolton of Ohio, and Sen. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, introduced legislation on Jan. 10 asking that the rose be made the national flower of the United States.

In a brief speech in the House, Mrs. Bolton said:

"The United States is the only major country in the world without a national flower."

"The rose has long represented courage, loyalty, love and devotion, and has become an international symbol of peace. Recent opinion polls show roses to be the overwhelming favourite of the American people."

Should the rose become the American national flower, then Tombstone's biggest rose bush would become important as the biggest bearer of the national flower.

Tombstone is on transcontinental U.S. Highway 80, in case you have the opportunity to see the biggest rose bush in the world for yourself.

## A MINIATURE GARDEN

HAVE you ever seen a large jar or odd-shaped bottle completely filled with growing plants and wondered how so many things could grow in such a small space?

There's really no trick to growing these glassed-in gardens or terrariums, and how delightful they can be all winter, growing at your window.

Let me tell you how to make one. Then hike into the woods for your materials.

Any clear glass bottle or big-mouthed jar is fine terrarium material. But for our purpose here, let's use a large-mouthed gallon jar with a good lid.

For basic materials, you'll need a coarse strainer, a funnel, a tin of tiny gravel, a few lumps of charcoal, and two or three small coloured rocks.

Ordinary potting soil is fine for some plants, but for ferns and plants obtained from the woods require leaf mould, the soil formed from decayed leaves under trees. Use green moss; found growing in damp, shady places, for the garden foundation.

Place moss pieces close together, green side down, over the bottom and up on the sides of the jar to a height of about three inches.

Next add a thin layer of gravel mixed with crushed pieces of charcoal. Cover with sifted leaf mould, put in through a funnel to keep jar sides clean. Fill to top of moss, about three inches deep.

Until you learn more about glassed-in gardens, use hardy ferns from the woods that are

ANY CLEAR, GLASS BOTTLE IS FINE TERRARIUM MATERIAL



easy to grow. Choose several specimens with good roots.

Bury roots well to hold plants up. Plant a small slip for colour. Sprinkle a few grass seeds to "carpet" the garden.

On one side, the viewing side, leave an open space for coloured gravel. Here you might also place a small plastic or glass frog or turtle.

Water the completed jar lightly and cover to hold the moisture. If the sides of the jar stay moist, your garden is fine and needs no extra water.

Place in full light but not in direct sun for best growth. Prune occasionally to prevent overcrowding.

Remove plants when they become too large or diseased. Replant with different things from time to time for added enjoyment. Even experiment with different kinds of seeds and plants.

Can you think of a nicer indoor hobby?

## Rupert and Dinkie—16



Rupert is as keen as Tigger to find the lost wand, and he helps the rough undergrowth until he reaches a steep bank. "Now we must march both ways," says Rupert. "We need help," he declares. "There are three Gnomes up the hill. All three of them will come. And he runs away at top speed."

## The Wonderful Scheme Boomerangs

A SHORT STORY

BECAUSE Joan Allen and Joyce Carey were friends of the same age, they enjoyed playing together.

Joan's brother, Barry, being a boy and so much younger than they, was a bother to them. When forced to, they unhappily dragged him along. Poor Barry could never keep his skates on and they had to keep fixing his straps. When swimming, they had to stay in the shallow water for Barry couldn't swim. Besides, he asked endless questions.



The girls looked meaningfully at each other and tried not to giggle.

"I can't reach," he said sadly. The boys wore on and the grape picking seemed to take longer and longer. The girls worked more slowly, chattered less. Their backs ached and their hands were stained and tired. The job wasn't much fun any more.

"Can't we stop picking?" asked Joyce.

"Mother said we had to finish the job if we did it without Barry's help. I'm sick of looking at these old grapes. Barry can't reach them and he's not allowed on the ladder. I guess we're stuck." She looked longingly at Barry who was contentedly snipping away at the paper box. "He looks like he's having fun," she added begrudgingly.

"They don't taste so good any more," said Joyce. "I think I ate too many. Do you feel a little sickish?"

Joan nodded sympathetically. On and on they worked.

Mrs. Allen stood in the doorway watching. She smiled to herself. "I guess they learned their lesson. The best laid plans of mice and men go off astray."

— FERN SIMMS

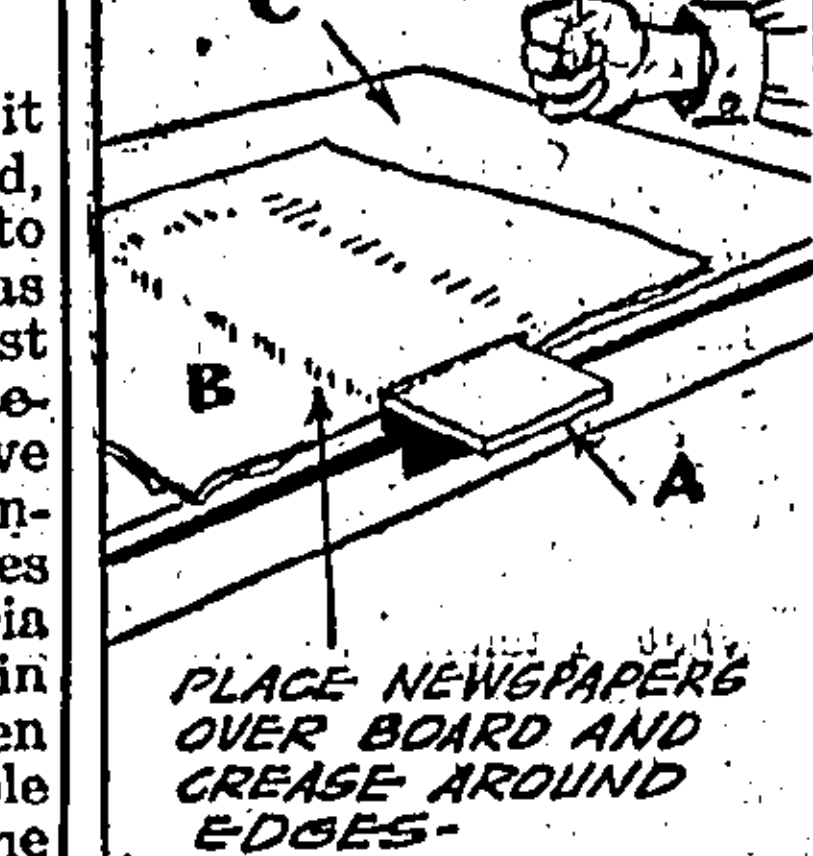
## Have Fun With The Atmosphere

THE results of the following simple experiment are so startling that at first they seem hard to explain.

Place on a smooth table top (C) a piece of wood 8 or 12 inches wide, about 18

inches long and less than an inch thick. Allow about four inches to project lengthwise beyond the table, as shown (A).

Cover the remainder of the board with 8 or 10 sheets of newspaper (B). The paper should be creased by the fingers around the edges into the angle formed by the board and the surface of the table.



Now, even light pressure with the finger at A will raise up the opposite end. BUT—the most violent quick blow that can be delivered by the fist at A will not raise the board from the table! In fact, the projecting end can be splintered and broken by a quick blow from a hammer, almost as if the board were bolted or nailed to the table.

Why? This surprising effect is due to atmospheric pressure. When a quick blow is struck at the projecting end, the newspaper forms a temporary joint between the board and the table, and a partial vacuum is produced under the board. As a result, the great atmospheric pressure acting on the surface of the board holds it down firmly.

As an illustration of what this pressure may be, let us assume that the portion of the board on the table is 8 by 12 inches. We have, then, 96 square inches. At a pressure of 15 pounds to the square inch, the total downward atmospheric pressure acting on the board is 1,440 pounds.

The board used should have small notches at the ends to prevent the paper from slipping out.

The atmosphere we live in is full of invisible but very much stronger than the air we breathe.

— JULIA WOLFE

## A Magical Super Zoo

—It Has Two-Headed Dragons and a Unicorn—

By MAX TRELL

MR MERLIN the Magnificent Magician lived somewhere behind the bookcase. It was hard to discover exactly where he lived because the door that led to his house was a magical sort of door and kept moving around. One day it was here and the next day it was there.

But this isn't the story we're about to tell you.

### Bag of Peanuts

The story we're about to tell you is how Knarf and Hand, the shadow children, with the turned-about names, went to the zoo with Mr. Merlin.

It was one of the strangest zoos on record. We'd better start from the beginning.

Knarf and Hand met Mr. Merlin just outside the bookcase quite early in the morning. He was dressed in a black and white striped suit (which reminded Hand of a zebra) and he carried along a big bag of peanuts.

"I hope you like going to the zoo," Mr. Merlin said.

They took a bus to the end of the line and then another bus to the end of another line. Knarf and Hand had never been out that far before but as they got off the bus at the end of the second line, Mr. Merlin smiled and pointed ahead. And sure enough, there was a big sign which read: Super Zoo.

Knarf and Hand both looked at Mr. Merlin in surprise. "Why, we've never been to this zoo before," Hand said.

So they all went in. The first animal they saw was a dragon with two heads! Knarf and Hand could hardly believe their own eyes. Knarf said: "We've never even seen a dragon with one head let alone one with two heads, Mr. Merlin!"

### The Unicorn

Mr. Merlin threw the creature two peanuts, one for each head. The next animal they saw was a horse with a large, pointed horn in the middle of his forehead.

"It's a unicorn," said Mr. Merlin. "Have you ever seen a unicorn before?"

Knarf said: "There aren't any such animals as unicorns, Mr.



The first animal they saw was a two-headed dragon.

Merlin. They are only pictures in books."

Most of the animals in this extraordinary super zoo were very friendly. When they passed the lion's cage, the lion came out smoking a briar pipe. "You don't have to be afraid of me," the lion said. "I like people. No, thank you, Mr. Merlin. I don't care much for peanuts. I much prefer sirloin steak!"

### Big Brown Bear

The most interesting animal in the whole super zoo was a big, brown bear. He invited Mr. Merlin and Knarf and Hand into his den and did tricks for them like standing on his head and juggling watermelon with his feet.

"The trouble with most zoos," said Mr. Merlin to Knarf and Hand, as they rode back to the beginning of the line on the buses, "is that the animals never get friendly enough with the people who come to visit them. Oh dear, I've still got almost all the peanuts. Won't you have some?"

So Knarf and Hand helped Mr. Merlin eat all the peanuts. But the most curious thing of all was this. When Knarf and Hand took the bus to the end of the line a week later and then took the second bus to the end of the second line, they didn't come to any Super Zoo at all. All they came to was a big, empty lot.

"That's the trouble with Magicians. Everything they show you is magic, even the animals in the zoo. But I would like to see this two-headed dragon again!"

## Madagascar Honours French Marshal

FOR all the splendours it has given the world, France cannot be said to have a brilliant record as a colonial Power. She lost Indo-China when that rice-rich country could have been held by a more enlightened policy. She faces a similar disaster in Algeria and Morocco. And only in Tunisia has revolt been averted by giving the people a large measure of home rule.

But among the French possessions overseas from which we hear not even a whisper of discontent is the island of Madagascar, off East Africa.

There, eminently successful methods of colonial government



were put into operation many years ago by one of France's most distinguished soldiers—Marshal Louis Lyautéy.

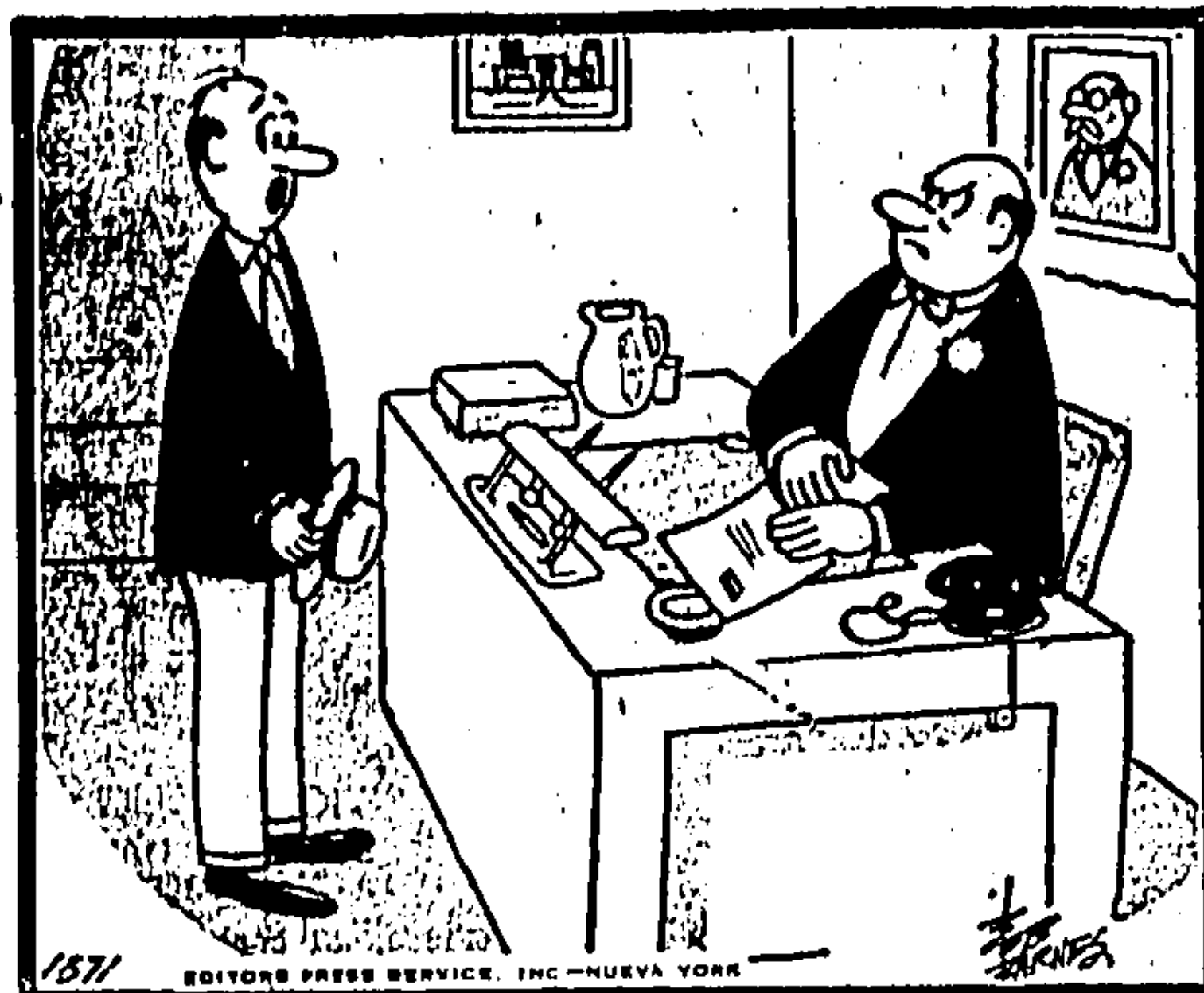
He was made a marshal for his work not in Madagascar, but in Morocco. The government sent him there in 1912 to quell disorders and consolidate the recently declared Protectorate.

Immediately on arrival he relieved the garrison besieged in the town of Fez and initiated the work of pacification and colonisation which was to result in the creation of a well organised government on a solid basis.

Later, Lyautéy organised victorious resistance to attacks of the Riff tribesmen under Abdel Krim.

Marshal Lyautéy died in 1924. He is now honoured in this stamp from Madagascar which is commemorated and sold in London at 6d.—S. A. J.





## YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

**BORN** today, you have a tremendous store of energy and are always on the "go". You enjoy outdoor life and will be happiest if you can spend part of your time in the country: camping, fishing, hunting, swimming and hiking.

You are, as a rule, guided by your impulses and are inclined to be moody. Learn to control this feeling, for it may make life more difficult for you than it should be. There are surprises in store—some pleasant, some not so good. But, with positive action and self-control you will always be able to meet every situation calmly and confidently.

You have an affectionate nature and, although inclined to be stubborn in having your own way, you can be influenced by those you love. In fact, you need to be a little careful in this regard, for you often go against your best judgment so as not to hurt someone—and then regret it later on. Fond of having your own home, you should wed at an early age and have a house full of children.

Among those born on this date are: Carl Van Doren, critic and author; Bessie Love, actress; Nicholas Biddle, naval hero; William T. Harris, educator; Joseph Asch, Danish poet; Pauline Blagow and Franz Werfel, authors; Noah Davis, jurist; Henry Carey Baird, publisher.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A good, sensible woman at church this morning might help you to revise some of your plans.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—There may be some good news for you today so that you can enjoy the day thoroughly.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—If a change in housing quarters is being contemplated, you may hear of something good today.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—This can be one of your good days this month. You could accidentally hear of some good fortune.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—If you are asked to take charge of a youth group in your church, accept, by all means.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Make this a quiet Sunday at home with your family, a few close friends, some good books and music.

**BORN** today, you have a powerful personality with many capabilities for success in whatever field you enter. Yours is a brilliant, all-round mentality and you are interested in a variety of things. You are practical and have good, common sense. A splendid judge of human nature, you are never fooled by appearances and a bluffer has little chance to impress you.

You are a gregarious individual and are not intended to live the life of a hermit. Magnificent and charming, you will attract a host of friends into your orbit. You also have a strong love nature and should wed early in life so that you will have your own family growing up around you.

Although you have a great deal of nervous energy and can work very hard when necessary, you are not as robust, physically, as you might be. Take care of your health, especially during the middle years. Learn not to worry and you'll find life is much easier!

Among those born on this date are: Archbishop John Ireland; John B. Thacher, statesman; William S. Maer, landscape painter; O. Henry, D. H. Lawrence and Gene Markey, authors; Sarah Baiche, philanthropist; Josiah Whitney, patriot.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Better for you not to receive confidences if you know they will be difficult to keep. Be wise!

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Your ambitions may appear to have received a sudden setback. Stay calm and all should turn out right in the end.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Better not to criticize a close associate unless you can tactfully suggest a better idea.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—You may need to be unusually careful if you are to put across an important idea today.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Be very careful if you find it necessary to refuse a neighbor some special favour.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—This can turn out to be a satisfactory day if you can learn to be patient during opposition.

## GIRL NEXT DOOR DOESN'T TALK ABOUT DOLLARS

New Records By Francis Martin

London. **THREE** years ago few outside her family circle knew there was or ever would be a Joan Regan. With her blondness, blue eyes, pearly smile and lollipop singing, she is now known on the nation's list of Loved Ones. But let success speak for itself:

"Biggest record I have made so far, 'If I Give My Heart To You,' has sold nearly 400,000 in less than a year. I sang that number four times on TV. Each time I sang it on TV 50,000 people rushed out and bought the record who otherwise would have waited quite a while or mightn't have bought it at all. Doris Day did the same number. But I shouldn't say that, should I? People will be calling me 'Big Head.'"

### SWOONMAKING

In America recently she did 34 broadcasts and television shows in three weeks. Soon she will be partnering singer Frankie Laine as leading girl in a film to be made here by a subsidiary of Columbia (U.S.A.). There, comely English girl who bewitched a swoonmaking American boy star.

In one way or another, then, Miss Regan must be ankle-deep in delicious dollars. But dollars are a thing Miss Regan is averse to discussing. "They're building me up," she coyly explains, with a hint of Romford (Essex) accent. "A girl-next-door record. Dollars would strike the wrong note."

How about pounds sterling, then? A tabloid blog in Miss Regan's current variety programme puts her overall earnings at £10,000 a year. That right? Yes, says Miss Regan with some disquiet. She guesses it works out about that.

### SO MODEST

Now Miss Regan is the opposite number of two male heart-throbbers (English) who claim to be earning £25,000 or £30,000 a year. I find her estimate surprisingly modest. Can it be that somebody is adding up wrongly?

But even a pitance of £10,000 a year was beyond her girlhood visions. Daughter of an Irish building trade immigrant—"at one time he had a little business of his own"—she left secondary school at 16. At 17 she married an ex-airborne leader of the U.S. Army from whom she has parted, although the marriage is not dissolved. It was early in 1952 that she returned to this country. With her she brought their children, Danny (now eight) and Rusty (five).

To help out she took a three-day-a-week job in a Long Acacia fruit merchant's office. Remem-

bering that at 14 she had won an amateur singing louse, she began training her voice, between bouts of invoice drafting. In less than a year she signed her first contract with Decca. Three months after that (June 1953) she became a topliner with "Ricochet" which, she reckons, has sold 350,000.

On the stage, wearing a frothy white corolline against a midnight-purple backcloth punctured with flaming golden stars, she looks as sweetly fragile as any chocolate box girl. Off-stage she is the scurrying, contriving Little Woman. When the money started coming in last year she snapped up an eight-room house—"five bed, three recep," she explains—at Sidcup for £3,000 and spent another £2,000 on pulling out its inside and putting in a new one after her dreams.

### CROSS-COUNTRY

When far out on variety circuits she will motor 30 miles across country and catch a London main-line sleeper at two in the morning to spend the odd day at Sidcup with Danny and Rusty, her scateurs and her lawnmower. When she has learned to drive the Vauxhall '54 she bought a month or two ago, these homing journeys will be simplified.

Sidcup, she says, is her true centre of gravity. Not that domesticity makes her the typical girl-next-door. If all girls-next-door were as toothsome as Joan Regan, all men would stay home daylong, watching hopefully out of the front window.

### NOT ALWAYS

Good for the eyes, then. But not always sweet on the ear. A recent release (10in. 78r.) is: (a) "Nobody Danced with Me" and (b) "Just Say You Love Her." DECCA F10521. Two bits of drooling, drooping, doggerel. Voice: steel-hard, core. Emotional dithers shrewdly applied. Cold calculation behind the near-tears. On side (a) Miss Regan sings of a ballroom where carles danced. Among English pop singers bastard Yank has long been a dread voice.

## • BY • THE • WAY •

by Beachcomber

ONE man's meat is another man's python, as the explorer said when he saw the contents of the jungle tribe's cooking-pot.

A pet python—"Oh, the sweet little thing. Can he sit up and beg?"—escapes from a cage in Cunniff's other day, as Matthew Arnold did when he saw Raiton, the Great Bore or Masecar, of Banbury approaching. I hope they dug a pit, put a net in it and covered it with earth. Are all On the branch, so that the wanderer could fall into the trap and be captured in time for the next Hunt Ball. Some years ago a python escaped from a zoo. The Curator reported its loss, and the police sergeant, a cockney with a lip, thought he said: "It's gone, and told the Curator to take more care of his crockery."

**Down, Mr Prestwich, down!**

Dogs recent being patted by strangers, even as we ourselves. (Letter to paper.)

THERE is always something faintly patronising, and therefore offensive to a man of independent spirit, in the deceleratory pat given to him by a bored hostess who draws, as she surveys her guests, "Who on earth are all these perfectly faint people?" On the other hand, there can be no prouder moment in the life of a poor writer than the occasion when a strange publisher pats him on

the head in front of the photographers, and in spite of the scowls of his rivals. That is the moment when many a reviewer changes his opinion with startling rapidity. I knew a patron of literature who chained a poet to a kennel and threw him bones—two per half-dozen sonnets.

### Songs of innocence

He said, "Now here's a certainty, which you can well afford. 'The shares are bound to rise. Trust me I know, I'm on the board.'"

I trusted him. The shares went down. The thing went bust. "No doubt," He told me when we lunched in town, "Your luck, old chap, was out."

**Avant-garde**

A MUSICAL score which includes the sound of paper being torn and books being dropped is, according to the composer, intended to bewilder the audience because "only bewilderment is true." My concerto for egg-beater and nosepipe is far in advance of this sort of thing, and even bewilderers me. The sounds include escaping gas, fish being hit with croquet hoops, venison falling on a sheet of tin, pees being shelled, and a horse's sun-hat being pierced by a cigar. It illustrates the inconsequence of abstract life.

## DARTWORDS

START HERE

How many words can you make from the letters in the word ABRAHAM? You begin with a word on the left of the middle—PITY. Using all the other 48 words on the way, you must choose their order so that the final word is a six-letter word. You will have a little in the middle—PITY. Using all the other 48 words on the way, you must choose their order so that the final word is a six-letter word. You will have a little in the middle—PITY.

**RULES**

1. The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it.

2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.

3. It may be formed by adding one letter to, or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word.

4. It may be associated with the preceding word in a surprising way.

5. It may be a word of the same length as the preceding word.

6. It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place or thing in fiction.

7. It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or other way.

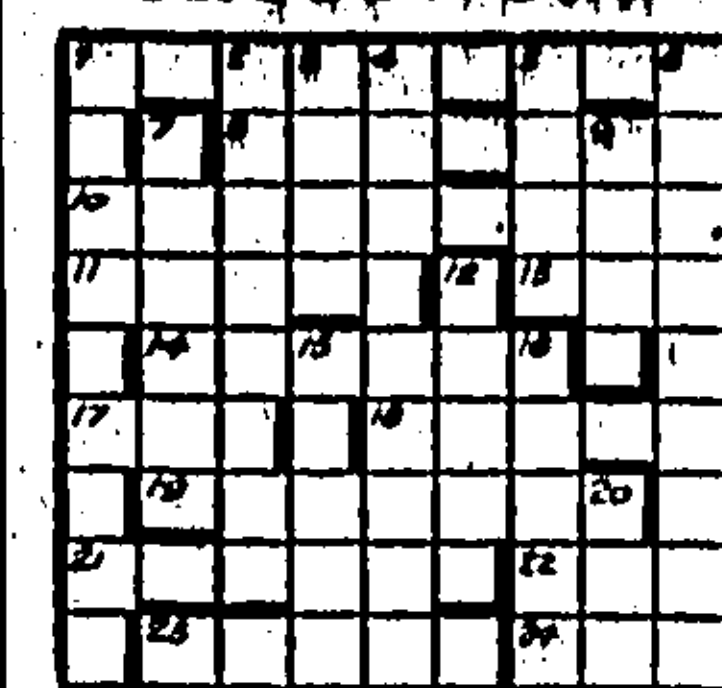
8. It may be a word of the same length as the preceding word.

9. It may be a word of the same length as the preceding word.

10. It may be a word of the same length as the preceding word.

(Solution on Page 20)

## CROSSWORD



**Across**

1. Mr. Walker down. (U)

2. Green the fall thereof. (7)

3. This is a turnabout. (9)

4. Red letter day. (10)

5. Land of it for to sleep. (3)

6. Anal for the performer. (8)

7. Single old one makes a play. (3)

8. It may be a left-over. (5)

9. The G.I. in the local often is. (1)

10. Follow one for a coward. (9)

11. A light blow for the cellarmen. (3)

12. We make up most of the mutton. (10)

**Down**

1. Ah! We rotate an anagram. (9)

2. Edison or Stephenson for instance. (8)

3. A. (4)

4. This perfection means you are. (10)

5. Abel's killer. (4)

6. Quite a picture. (9)

7. A red head inside. (10)

8. Club this to attack the. (10)

9. Featured in. (10)

10. The Tem. (10)

11. Robinson. (10)

12. A. (10)

13. A. (10)

14. A. (10)

15. A. (10)

16. A. (10)

17. A. (10)

18. A. (10)

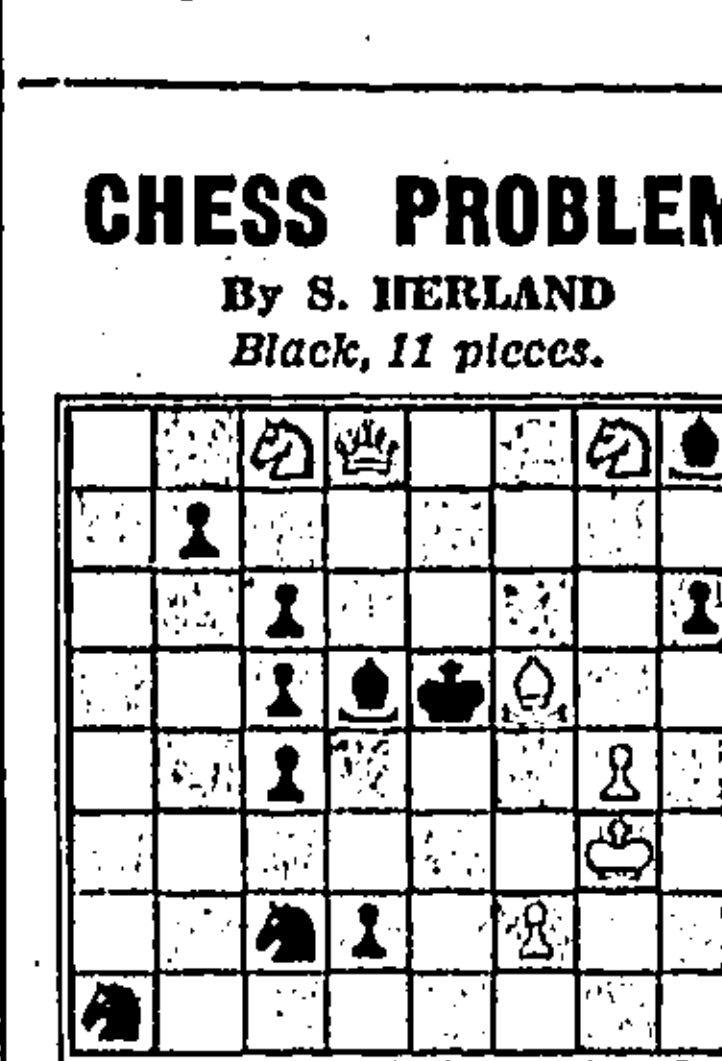
19. A. (10)

20. A. (10)

**Chess Problem**

By S. HERLAND

Black, 11 pieces.



White, 7 pieces.

White to play: mate in three.

Solution to yesterday's problem:

1. Kt—Q6, any; 2. Q. R, or Kt mates.

## JACOBY ON BRIDGE

It Looks Easy, But Watch Out!

By OSWALD JACOBY

**TODAY'S** hand looks very easy. You lose one trump trick and one diamond, and then you ought to make the rest. That's what South thought when he played the hand—but he wound up minus 100 points!

West opened the queen of spades, and South won with the king. He led the queen of hearts, holding the trick, and continued with another heart. West took the ace of trumps and led another spade to knock out the ace.

South led a low diamond, and dummy's queen forced out the ace. East returned a club, and South took the ace. Now South made the fatal mistake of leading the king of diamonds, and the hand collapsed. West ruffed and led the king of clubs, forcing South to ruff with his third trump. South couldn't set up the diamonds, for East still had two high cards in the suit. It was equally impossible to set up the dummy.

NORTH			
♠ 962		♠ 874	
♥ K884		♥ 63	
♦ Q66		♦ 108	
♣ J965		♣ 8732	

SOUTH (D)			
♠ AK		♠ AK	
♥ KJ 107		♥ KJ 107	
♦ K97542		♦ K97542	
♣ A		♣ A	

Both sides vul.			
South	West	North	East
1 ♠	1 ♠	Pass	Pass
2 ♠	Pass	3 ♠	Pass
4 ♠	Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♠ Q			

since dummy had three losing black cards, with only one trump left in the South hand.

It wouldn't have helped South if he had drawn a third round of trumps before leading the king of diamonds. The bad break in diamonds would prevent him from establishing his long suit, and he would wind up with only eight or nine tricks.

South could have made his contract if he hadn't led the king of diamonds when he did. Instead, the correct play is to lead a low diamond—giving the trick up!

South still has two trumps in his hand, and can ruff a club or spade return. He now ruffs a diamond with dummy's king of hearts and returns dummy's last trump to the jack, thus drawing West's last trump. Only now is it proper to lead the king of diamonds, upon which the rest of South's diamonds are established.

This line of play would give up one trick needlessly if the diamonds broke 3-2, but South would still make 10 tricks. The play assures the game contract if diamonds break unfavourably, as they did in the actual hand.

### ♥ CARD SENSE ♦

Q—With neither side vulnerable, the bidding has been:

North East South West

1 Heart 1 Spade Pass Pass

2 Doubt Pass

You, South, hold:

♠ J 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♠ K 5 3 2

What do you do?

A—Bid two clubs. It doesn't pay to bid no-trump with just one stopper when you have a chance to show a good five-card suit. If North rebids, you may try a no-trump contract.

### TODAY'S QUESTION

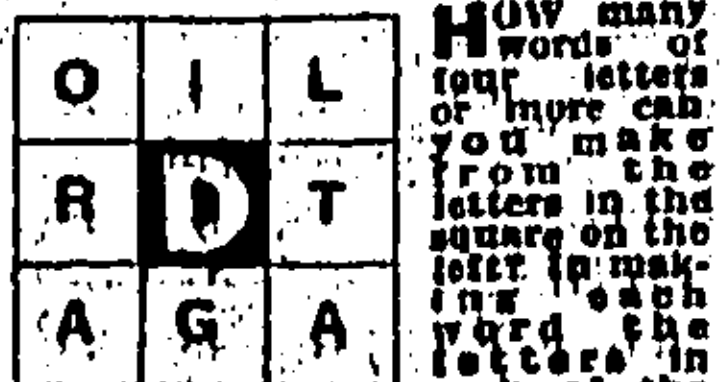
The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold:

♠ J 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♠ K 5 3 2

What do you do?

Answer on Monday

## TARGET



How many words can you make from the letters in the word TARGET? You begin with a word on the left of the middle—PITY. Using all the other 48 words on the way, you must choose their order so that the final word is a six-letter word. You will have a little in the middle—PITY.

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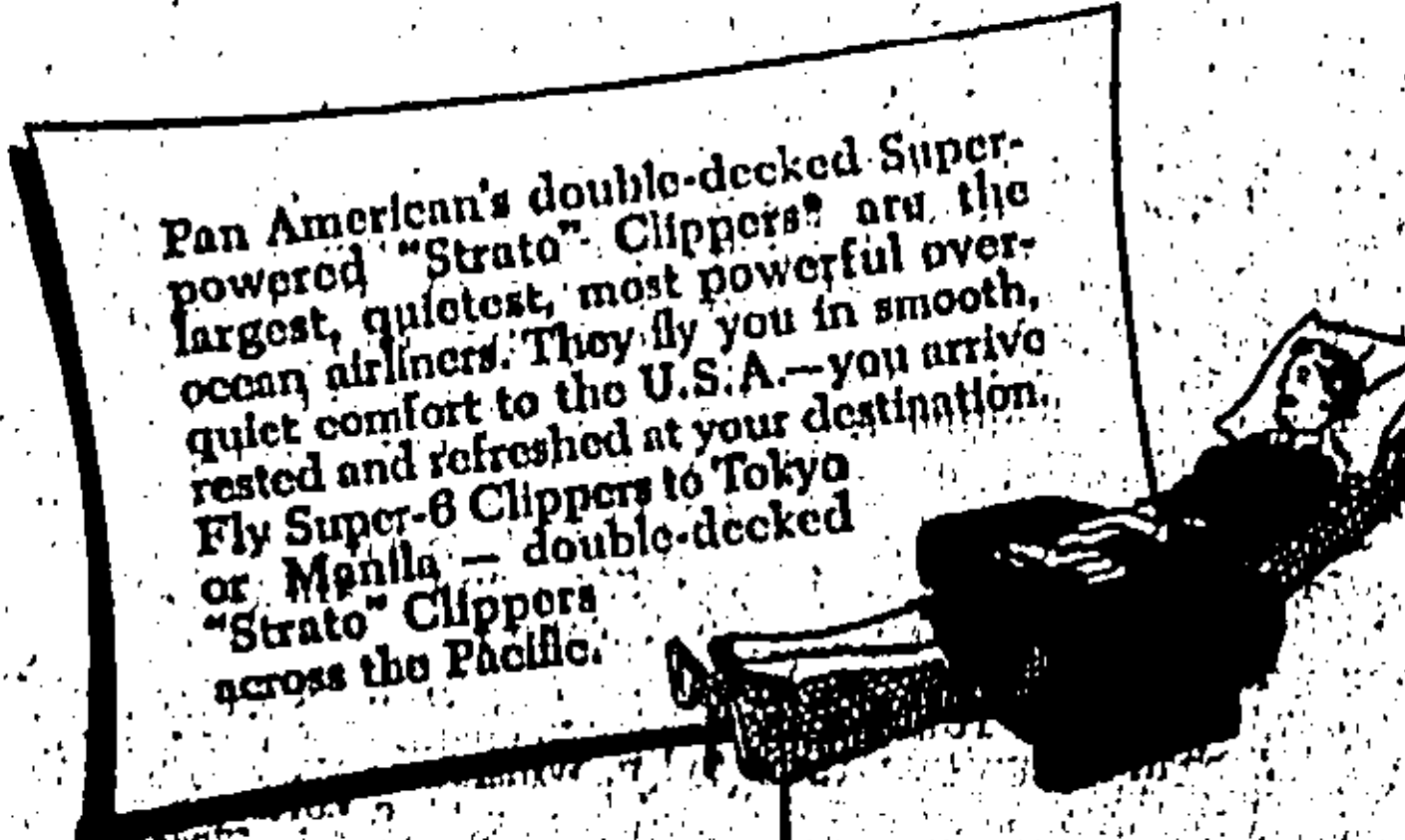
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